

WARREN
MAGAZINE



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#111

OCT. 1974

FAMOUS

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

PAGE 55 25

VERY SPECIAL ISSUE!

**CAN YOU TAKE
THE
EXORCIST?**

ZARDOZ
**IT'S WILDER
THAN OZ!**

**YOUNG
FRANKENSTEIN**
RUNS AMOK INSIDE!

NOSFERATU
THE SILENT VAMPIRE!

DEVILS OF DARKNESS
THE NIGHT THE DEAD RETURNED!

RETAILERS: SEE PAGE 60





SHE'S BEAUTIFUL and **FAMOUS MONSTERS' EDITOR** is in love with her. You can't really blame him — so is every other fan who's ever fallen under the spell of **ULTIMA FUTURA AUTOMATION**, the 8th Wonder of the Robot World, who has turned millions on in the Movie of the Century, **METROPOLIS**. You'll find her in this issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, along with features on **THE EXORCIST**, **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**, plus more ...!

M...WORRY?



I REPEAT: ME—WORRY? Heavens to hatsy, no! I've nothing to worry about and neither have you because this magazine's policy is: "Never fear—FM is here!"

As it has been year after year since 1958... and plans to continue to be.

1984, watch out for FM!

Thank you, Mr. "Human Monster," above, for your testimonial. We do indeed feel FM is not only getting older, it's getting better.

Can you doubt it when you check out this issue's contents? With praises still ringing in our ears (all 4 of them) for our recent great features on **KING KONG & SON OF KONG**, **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, **KARLOFF REMEMBERED & THE GHOUL**, etc., we don't rest on our laurels but bring you new blockbuster: **YOUNG FRANKEN-**

STEIN! Old NOSFERATU! Recent ZARDOZ! Modern classic EXORCIST!

Any one of these features would be enough to make this issue memorable but the publisher of the world's first, oldest & foremost filmonster magazine doesn't want to stop at providing you merely one more memorable issue—it must be outstanding! Something you can rave about when you join the thousands thronging to the first great **FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION** in New York City, November 8th to 11th (See back cover of this issue). I will see you there, won't I? So you can tell me in person how you liked the great features in this issue, including the exclusive tour thru the fantastic Filmuseum in Paris, plus all the fabulous filmonster material we have scheduled for the next number!

*FORREST
ACKERMAN*



X OR CYST

Heavens to Lon Chaney (don't you mean Heavens to Beasty?) where are you people? In the middle ages? (Well, I AM a middle-aged man—but do you have to rub it in? FJA) The best & most successful movie of the horror genre... and yet not one word in FM. I am literally dumbfounded.

JASON HURST

Chicago

• We hope the cover & coverage this issue will serve to undumbfound you.

ONE MYSTERY SOLVED

I sent for the Mystery Package (on sale in the back of any issue) and was really pleased. I got a Jack Davis Frankenstein poster, a triceratops (motorized!) and a Creepy Jigsaw Puzzle! It was one of the best deals I ever made! I hope you people out there follow advice and buy it!

BOBBY SKIR

E. Newark, NY

THE APETH WONDER OF THE WORLD

All hail FAMOUS MONSTERS, the greatest magazine ever published! Issue #108 was another history-making issue. "The King of Kongs" was an article that will be remembered for years to come—WAYNE SMIRKOVSKY, Toms River, NJ..... You have done great stories on Kong but this time you outdid yourselves—BRIAN HOURIHAN, Lynn, Mass..... I've been neglecting FM for the past few years but after Perry Ackerman's memorable appearance at Luncheon 74, I decided to buy a copy. I'm glad I did! The King Kong filmbook was well worth re-printing! The cover portrait by Basil Gogos was stunning!—JIM JOHNSON, Long Island City, NY..... I want to tell you all how much I really enjoyed issue 108. I thought that the KING KONG article was just tops. I'm 13 and I know your magazine is best. It thrilled me "so" much that I went down and bought 3 more. The total copies of issue 108 that I have is 4. I think that's an issue that should win an Oscar or Grammy or whatever kind of award Mr. Ackerman & Mr. Warren, I think you've featured one of the best articles the world has ever known when you ran the KING KONG filmbook. Those pictures were great! I just wanted to write and tell you how much I treasure your magazine.—SPENCER HEINE, Portland, Ore. ... Issue 108 was the best thing on KONG. I loved it so much I bought 4 issues of it on the newsstand.—DALE WATSON (no address given).... I just thought I'd pass on a discovery I made awhile back which I don't think is very common knowledge. Remember the scene (usually cut) in which Kong, on the rampage in New York City, reaches into a window, plucks out a girl mistaken for Fay Wray and then, realizing his error, drops her many stories! The actress' name was Blandina Shaw; her real name was Veronica Balfe. On 15 Dec. '33, Miss Balfe married matinee idol Gary Cooper. In other words, Mrs. Gary Cooper appeared in KING KONG!—JACK HOLLOW, Irvington, NY. (In other words, Kong got the drop on her before her famous gungnishing cowboy hero husband did!)

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO BOB SCHERL



February 1956



1974

BOB SCHERL bought our first issue 16 years ago and has never missed one since. For more than half his life he's been an FM fan and his enthusiasm has never waned. The files from which we draw our photos to

make up each issue now contain 60,000 stills, and contributions Bob has made to them will make FM ever more exciting. Thanks, Bob—hope you enjoy our 200th issue in 1984. Perry Ackerman.

WANTED! More Fans Like



MICHAEL LIEB

APPRECIATE CORRECTION

In the article "The Forrest Prime Evil" (104) you state "QUEEN OF BLOOD, Basil Rathbone's next to final film." He made 2 more: GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI (1966) and HILLBILLYS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE (1967), the latter a few months before he died that July.

WANTED! More Fans Like



PAUL CLEMENS



OUR COVER

If you're looking for a little more than just a picture, imagine how they'd feel with a sliver of the possessed child to add a piece of our special feature on THE EXORCIST.

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MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

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THE EXORCIST

scares the hell out of one possessed girl
...and millions of terrified moviegoers

articles & interviews

new height in horror

THE GONE WITH THE WIND of horror films has arrived with the impact of a howling pack of demons. It is the most talked about, squawked about, fulsomely praised, fanatically condemned, record-breaking attended film of the year.

People have fainted in line from hunger, waiting to get in.

People have fainted in their seats, trying to get out.

Jane Fonda has said she does not regret having passed up \$8 million she could have made by starring in the picture and that she has not seen it.

Anton Szandor LaVey, Founder of the Church of Satan and its antispiritual leader, who was the Technical Advisor on ROSEMARY'S BABY, has said he does not wish to see the picture.



KARLOFF'S CLASSIC



Never scared anyone—? (One man's opinion; see Millard portion of article.)

But so many millions have experienced **THE EXORCIST** that it is hardly necessary to write a filmbook about it: surely the majority of readers of **FM** will be familiar with the plot by now and if not it is available not only in Wm. Peter Blatty's pocketbook novel of the same name but in a currently available paperback which prints the original screenplay & the filmed script and is replete with stills from the picture.

secrets of the make-up

Dick Smith, the make-up genius whose work has been featured in **FM** as far back as the television of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and who was responsible for many of the grotesque effects in **THE EXORCIST**, has explained to me in detail how almost every stunning visual mind-boggler in the film was achieved. I am not at liberty to reveal all the secrets but those which Mr. Smith is willing to share with the public are:

Linda Blair's make-up as the demon consisted of foam rubber prosthetic appliances very like the make-up used in the **PLANET OF THE APES** series. The prosthetics transformed lovely young Linda into a pale, bruised, scratched victim of demonic possession.

Contact lenses colored cat's-eye yellow-green were used to achieve the outre ocular effect.

In several scenes Linda's eyes roll upward in their sockets leaving only the frightening whites exposed. For this eerie effect special white contact lenses which covered a large portion of her eyes were used. Extremely painful when inserted, they frequently caused the courageous young actress to cry while they were covering her pupils.

the swollen throat, the revolving head

Another amazing effect in the film is the bloating of Linda's throat like a bullfrog's. That particular piece of cinemagic was accomplished by employing a false foam rubber neck appliance which was expanded by air with an invisible tube.

Did you scream when you saw her head impossibly turn completely around facing backward? That incredible effect was accomplished thru the use of an extremely realistic dummy, a collaboration between Dick Smith & the new make-up wonder-worker first introduced to you in the pages of **FM**, Rick Baker (Monster Maker). "The head of the dummy," Rick told us, "was able to turn a full 360°."

blood-freezing

The final sequence of exorcism, truly the breathtaking climax of the film and in my opinion the single most horrific scene ever put on celluloid, was created in a soundstage bedroom set which was constructed inside a sort of cryogenic cocoon, a temperature-controlled gigantic



Undergoing grueling medical tests to attempt to determine what's possessing her.



COUNT DRACULA

The Man Whose Fingers were Spiders...and could make your flesh crawl. Or do you agree with the DRACULA critic who says he couldn't?



"The realistic dummy was a collaboration between Dick Smith & Rick Baker." A previous Baker creation was the Schlockthropus of SCHLOCK, seen above in the "fetching" love scene with the blind girl.

freezer in which the "climate" could be artificially induced to drop to a subfreezing 20° below zero so that the breath of the actors would congeal, visibly demonstrating to the audience that the room was extremely cold.

bedlam in the bedroom

The bed thruout the film shakes violently up & down and back & forth. A large machine which went thru the wall of the set and underneath the bed was used for that effect.

At one point in the picture Linda's emaciated chest is partially exposed and raised welt-like letters appear & rise up from her stomach to spell out the piteous SOS:

HELP ME

The pseudo-chest & stomach were sculpted and produced in foam latex by Smith and the unique letter-effect was achieved by brushing cleaning fluid onto the foam, causing it to swell, and then using a flameless heatgun to dry it out, causing it to deflate like a broken blister. *When the entire shot was then run in reverse, it gave the effect of the letters rising up out of Linda's skin in truly Luciferian fashion.*

sound & fury

The sound effects people (who incidentally won an Oscar for their work as did Blatty for his marvelous screenplay) really had their horns full with this movie, which (again in my opinion) contains the most frightening sound effects ever used in a motion picture. A huge congratulation



"Linda Blair's make-up was very like that of the foam rubber prosthetic appliances used in the **PLANET OF THE APES** series."



"Destined for a place on the pedestal along with **ROSEMARY'S BABY** and other masterpieces of horror." (Mia Farrow as Rosemary, Paramount 1967 release of Wm. Castle Production directed by Roman Polanski.)

goes to Mercedes McCambridge for her fantastic work as the horrifying voice of the demon.

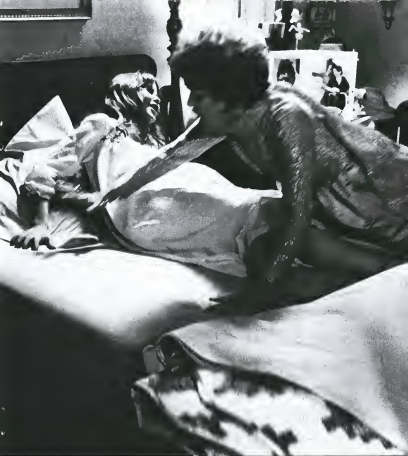
Finally, I feel a bit of editorializing is necessary: I for one was most displeased with this year's Oscars and wonder if you wouldn't agree with me. I truly felt that **THE EXORCIST** deserved to win for Best Actress (Ellen Burstyn), Best Supporting Actor (Jason Miller), Best Film Editing, Best Director (Wm. Friedkin) and most definitely Best Supporting Actress—Linda Blair. As far as the latter (non)award is concerned I would say that just because Linda had extensive make-up on her face that doesn't mean she didn't have to act. Remember Lon Chaney as the Hunchback of Notre Dame and the Phantom of the Opera! Boris Karloff as *Frankenstein*! Fredric March as Dr. Jekyll & Mr Hyde! Masterpieces of acting, all. Linda did a fantastic job in her first acting role and I think (no pun intended) she's one hell of an actress!

I am most puzzled about something else: why was there no award for Best Special Visual Effects given this year? There were certainly some possible nominees—**THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE**, **WESTWORLD**... and why in the name of all that's demonic was no award given **DICK SMITH** for *his* **BRILLIANT WORK** in **THE EXORCIST**???

"Bah! Humbug! What is Horrorwood coming to?"

Editor speaking:

Altho the following was addressed to our Fang-mail Dept., I feel it sufficiently important that it should be included here as a followup to the foregoing feature by Clemens. The letter was not anonymous—it was signed & with full address—but the writer's name has been omitted for a reason which will become apparent during the reading of the letter. The writer concluded by saying "I doubt you will print this letter because it tends to be uncomplimentary and monster magazines & comics are not known for printing this type of letter." What other monster magazines (the score that have come & gone since we created the field) and comiczines have chosen to do should not be confused with **FAMOUS MONSTERS'** policy. FM's publisher & editor spoke out publicly against the Vietnam War long before most people realized what a totally unjustified, hideously tragic waste it was of American lives & money as well as *human* lives, land, possessions & property. Also, this magazine's publisher has devoted valuable advertising space to an anti-smoking campaign, which your editor also endorses. Since the reader states in his opening sentence that he has "been a fan of monsters for only 2 years" he can perhaps be forgiven for not knowing that time & time & time again since its inception in 1958, FM has published letters which the writers were **POSITIVE** would never see print. This does not mean that saying "I dare you" or "I challenge you" or "I know you won't because" is a sure-fire method of getting into print but any letter with the serious intent of



Frantic, bewildered mother attempts to calm daughter who has gone berserk before her very eyes.

this one is almost guaranteed a "hearing" without the imagined necessity of forcing us to comply by questioning our integrity and putting us on an imaginary spot.

The words of the Doubting Thomas follow:

I have been a fan of monsters for only 2 years but I know enough to say that **THE EXORCIST** is one of the best horror films ever made. I have

now seen the movie twice and read the book and am now a devoted "Exorcist Freak." All the kids at school bug me about it but I don't listen because they bug me about *FM* too.

THE EXORCIST has gotten a lot of adverse publicity and there have even been attempts to ban it. In Washington, D.C., where I saw the film the 2d time, the movie was changed to an

"X" rating and the police threatened to arrest anyone underage who tried to gain admittance. I guess that the reason was that a great deal of the film was filmed and takes place at & near Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. I managed to get by, though.

I have been reading a lot of material on THE EXORCIST and so far I have learned that the possessed girl, Regan MacNeil, was played by 2 other actresses besides Linda Blair. They are Linda Rae Hage & Eileen Dietz. Eileen is about 26 but Linda Blair turned 15 in January. I'm not sure of the other Linda's age, though.

There are a lot of rumors concerning Linda Blair's being driven insane (crazy!) and Friedkin's being sued by this person & that but I think they are for the most part just that: malicious & ignorant rumors.

Supposedly a lot of weird things happened during the filming and after. There was a flash flood, an electrical fire, frequent malfunctions in the special effects apparatus and mysterious accidents, injuries & even deaths connected with the film. (I think your qualifying adverb—"supposedly"—covers a lot of territory.—FJA)

The man who played the British movie director called Burke Dennings literally dropped dead a week after his death scene was described in the final filmings. (That part is true, to the best of my knowledge.—Ed.)

It might interest you to know that one magazine said that the entire crew of THE EXORCIST were so frightened from the unexplained problems encountered in filming that Friedkin actually called in a real priest to sprinkle holy water on the set when the final exorcism scene was filmed. (It interests me—that 45 years after I first began reading movie magazines & pressbooks & newspaper columnists, publicists with feverish imaginations are still gulling a gullible public with sensationalistic reports like that. I'd have to hear it from a few creditable eyewitnesses before I'd accept it as something that really happened. I'm more inclined to think a character of Thorne Smith was right, in the novel Dream's End, when he said: "In order to keep the world fooled you've got to keep it fooled."—FJA)

THE EXORCIST has assumed the place KING KONG once had as the biggest box-office smash in history. (Are you sure either of them was bigger than GONE WITH THE WIND, BIRTH OF A NATION or SPACE ODYSSEY?) The theme "Tubular Bells" is also a hit as well as being good music. As you are no doubt aware, Linda Blair, Wm. Friedkin & Peter Blatty raked in quite a sizable sum of awards in The Golden Globe Awards. (Which I personally found gratifying.—FJA)

Despite scenes that are definitely not for young people I think it would be to your disadvantage not to print at least a major article if not a film-book on this film. (Paul Clemens has already given his reasoning on why no Filmbook is required.) Agreed, you would have to omit a great deal but

THE EXORCIST must be given the due it requires. (The paperback film-script book earlier mentioned makes the picture available in its entirety in printed form.) I realize that a large percentage of your readers are moderately young but what is a monster & horror magazine without true monsters & horrors? (It's a magazine of filmic creativity & entertainment about imaginary monsters, that's what FAMOUS MONSTERS is.) Movies like FRANKENSTEIN & DRACULA don't really scare anybody. (You've just shattered an illusion Your Editor has held for over 40 years! What next? Everest is the smallest mountain on Earth? Fred Astaire never learned to dance? Al Jolson sang only in silent pictures? Shirley Temple was a midget? Smoking cures cancer? Bela Lugosi's real name was Bill Pratt and Boris Karloff's real name was Bela Blasko? Or that ever-popular perennial old chestnut, "FAMOUS MONSTERS wasn't the first filmmonster magazine!"?) Some people like monster films as an art form but others, especially your younger readers, enjoy being frightened & scared once in awhile. I regret to say that your magazine has never even come close to scaring me. If you people at FM can run fotos of lacerated corpses & dismembered appendages & such, why can't you run articles about sadistic, vomiting demons? Even TIME magazine & THE NEW YORKER had reviews on THE EXORCIST. NEWSWEEK devoted almost an entire issue on exorcism. If such distinguished magazines as these run articles of this type, there cannot be much harm in your running an article on this controversial film. (Just a few issues ago we gave a lengthy detailed explanation of why it sometimes takes us 2 or 3 issues to get an obituary into print and the same applies to a feature about a film like THE EXORCIST. We are not going to repeat the explanation; suffice it to sum it up that we are not a weekly news periodical. You may recall, incidentally, that one of them was sued for showing unauthorized fotos of Linda Blair in her bestial make-up. You'll have to admit nobody else gave you the great interior EXORCISM concepts of artist Paul Clemens or a sensational cover by Basil Gogos.)

So far just about every magazine has run an article on THE EXORCIST except yours and you should have been the first. For a magazine that is devoted to such things as yours is, it's pitiful. The prosecution rests. (But not for long, we think. Most readers are fiercely loyal to FM and when they feel we've been unjustly accused or attacked, they can be quite vocal in their condemnation. Consider yourself lucky we withheld your name & address!)

son of exorcist

We were just about to write THE END to this article when a letter & newspaper feature arrived from Richard N. Millard, who explains that he's been a fan of FM "and all the great films of



An early masterpiece of "the make-up genius whose work has been featured in FM as far back as the televersion of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*." (Foto: Walt Daugherty)



The Picture of Darrie Anne Gray? She almost looks that way, doesn't she? It's Paul Clemens' impression of Linda Blair when the Devil has taken complete possession of her and is manifesting himself of his evil ultimate.



Talented young Linda Blair, Academy Award nominee, as seen thru the eyes of Paul Clemens, talented young FM artist discovery.

the genre since the 60s. I even maintained this interest thru college. And I've enjoyed every minute.

"In FM 108, I read a letter by a fan who called *THE EXORCIST* an example of 'our' kind of film. I disagree.

"*THE EXORCIST* strove for the cheap shocks & ghastly images usually reserved for the quick-buck efforts that pop up at local drive-ins in groups of 3 or 4.

"As film & theater critic for *The Whitehall Reporter*, I have enclosed a copy of the review for *THE EXORCIST* that I wrote when the film was first released.

"And as far as the subject of demon possession goes, I must say that I was most impressed by *THE DEVIL'S BRIDE* with Chris Lee. It was an intelligent effort."

At the last minute we have decided to include Mr. Millard's review, surprisingly negative tho it is, because altho most of our readers probably

have a pretty good idea of the plot at the present time, the time will come a few years from now when they will be glad to have an account of it in print here to refresh their memories.

you'll probably get exercised over this thumbsdown review

Well over 100 people shivered outside the theater in a freezing rain as they waited for the first showing of *THE EXORCIST*. They talked & kidded about the book and what they had heard about the film. They were apprehensive & expectant.

Too bad.

THE EXORCIST is a very uneven film. It provides the shocking scenes that everyone's either read in Blatty's book or heard about. But after the shock, the film wanders about in search of something to do until it comes up with another



The Devil in the Flesh has turned this fresh young innocent girl into a savage fiend.



Who considers THE EXORCIST great but wouldn't rate it above Lon Chaney's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA? By the time you've finished this feature, you'll know. Do you agree or disagree?

shock.

The only thing that made it even worthwhile to pick up Blatty's book was his fluid style. And altho Blatty remembered the vulgarity & crude nature of the book, he completely forgot about any style when he wrote the screenplay.

Pity.

characters a drag

The first half-hour of the film is almost totally incomprehensible if you didn't read the book. Characters are dragged in & out without any explanation. It's almost like an inside joke with the readers of the book smiling when they recognize characters and groping for a plot that isn't there yet.

But things begin to warm up when a demon takes possession of Linda Blair's 12-year-old body. The demon bounces her all over the bed and literally turns her head.

Blair's mother, Ellen Burstyn, doesn't know what to do so she lets go with barrage after barrage of profanity. Burstyn's secretary, Kitty Winn, doesn't know what to do either.

The demon soon takes a stronger hold on Blair. Thru the girl, the demon pushes a man down a flight of stairs and defiles the girl's body with a bloody crucifix.

Burstyn seeks aid from doctors but they don't know what the devil is bothering the little girl. Psychiatry is the only alternative.

Fortunately Burstyn finds a psychiatrist who is also a priest, Jason Miller.

arguing like the devil

Miller tries to reason with the demon that inhabits the girl's body but the demon only laughs and deposits the remains of an earlier meal on the priest's sweater. But Miller refuses to throw in the towel and records the demon in the hope that he can unscramble the gibberish it speaks.

The demon soon takes almost complete control of the girl's body, as if it seeks to destroy her. But with a final effort the girl thwarts the demon as the words "help me" mysteriously appear on her chest.

This convinces Miller that the rite of exorcism is the only hope to drive out the demon. And with the help of Max von Sydow, the exorcism takes place in a scene that borders on the terrifying.

(BORDERS—!!! I have the impression this critic would review Dachau or Belsen or any of Hitler's many other "horror hotels" as "a nice little camp to visit but I wouldn't care to live there"!)

slumber party?

Altho there are scenes of genuine shock value in THE EXORCIST they are followed by scenes of just dialog that attempt to add credibility to



"For his BRILLIANT WORK in THE EXORCIST an OSCAR was deserved by DICK SMITH." Smith shown at work here on one of his earlier latex masks.

the film. This change of pace allows the audience to catch its breath and occasionally lapse into a state near slumber. That is, until the next jolting scene.

Linda Blair is quite capable as the girl possessed by a devil. She rants & raves quite well. But any credit for her performances must be shared with Mercedes McCambridge & the make-up by Dick Smith. Blair looks quite ghastly with her parched skin & multiple scars. And when she rolls her eyes & bares her teeth it's a beautiful piece of ugly make-up.

But this make-up would pale without the addition of McCambridge's gravelly voice as that of the demon.

brutally frank

I don't want to minimize the brutality of the

film because it does exist in several scenes. The action is often crude & shocking. As far as all the ballyhoo is concerned about people passing out & getting sick at screenings of THE EXORCIST on the West Coast, I don't know how much of it lies in the realm of truth. Altho the film provides several terrifying scenes, nobody became ill at the near-capacity screening that I attended. I guess they all had strong stomachs.

And so we bring to a close our coverage of THE EXORCIST. For those interested in my personal opinion (Editor Ackerman speaking): I cannot say the picture has replaced THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN or even ROSEMARY'S BABY in my affections but I do regard it as an authentic masterpiece of horror, a newcomer destined for a highly elevated pedestal in the pantheon of monstrous movie greats.

NOSFERATU

monster of the night



THE CLAWS OF HORROR

horror in the past

A SYMPHONY OF TERROR it was subtitled at the time. Its time, 1922. Produced in Germany and directed by the famous F.W. Murnau.

Today, for home projection, it is available in a form titled THE TERROR OF DRACULA.

The skeletal Max Schreck (whose very name meant Fright or Terror in German) played the never-to-be forgotten vampire.

Matt Davidson retells the eerie tale.



The Terror of Transylvania in 1922, the ultra-ghoulish Herr Max Schreck.



The ill-fated Jonathan Harker stares in horror at mysterious object in his eerie host's hand.

carpathia 1838

Jonathan Harker (Alexander Granach) is a young real estate broker sent by his firm to Transylvania to settle a matter with a certain Count Orlock. Just recently married he is anxious to conduct his business and return to his bride Nina (Greta Schroeder).

Before Harker reaches his destination, he must stay the night at a roadside inn. The people there are anxious & fearful, pleading with him not to go on to the castle. But Harker only laughs at them. "What could be harmful about a simple business transaction?" With that he retires to his room for the night.

After preparing for bed, he searches for something to read to divert him from lonely thoughts of his wife. He finds a volume titled *Book of the Undead*. After reading several passages which have an unnerving effect on him, he becomes engrossed in the legend of the vampire. Soon afterwards he falls into a fitful & disturbed sleep.

In the morning, as he is dressing, he notices the book he was reading before he fell asleep. Flinging it aside, he laughs at himself for being frightened at such foolish nonsense. This is material strictly suitable for the simple gullible mind of the peasant, surely. After breakfast Harker boards the coach—the last leg of his long

journey to Castle Orlock.

forest of fear

As the coach draws nearer & nearer its destination, Harker notices the forests which the coach passes are not like any he's ever seen. These are filled with eerie birds, lowering skies, phosphorescent vegetation, mists, wolves & similar strange things.

The sun is setting as Castle Orlock comes into view. The driver comes to a point in the road where it narrows off sharply and halts. Like the villagers at the tavern of the night before he is strangely apprehensive & jumpy as he calls down to his sole passenger. "I can take you no further!"

He stutters nervously as he tosses Harker's baggage to the ground. "You will have to walk! Look . . . The sun is going down!"

The driver rides the wind at top speed, thankful his dreadful task is finished.

As Harker is standing beside his baggage, bewildered and pondering his strange predicament, he hears a clattering. Turning, he sees a carriage hurtling down the narrow path at top speed. It comes to a screeching halt directly in front of the amazed Harker.

As he hands his bags to the driver, Harker

examines his odd appearance. What a strange coachman Orlock has! His body & face are concealed from view, wrapped in a cloak, and his head is topped by a black cap. This leaves only a pair of nervous, foreboding eyes visible.

The driver motions silently with a bony claw for Harker to enter the carriage. In a state of uneasy perplexity, he climbs in and the coach takes off with the same unearthly speed of its arrival.

Rounding the final bend in the road, Harker gets his first close look at Castle Orlock. It is virtually inaccessible from all points other than the tortuous path leading to it. It is perched—or, rather, balanced—on a needle of stone jutting skyward.

The coach enters the courtyard and Harker gets out as the driver drops his baggage to the ground. No sooner has Harker placed his feet on the ground than the coach roars off in a cloud of dust and passes from view. The large wooden & cast iron doors to the castle slowly swing open, as of their own volition, to reveal an eerie, spectral figure.

unholy host

With unearthly grace the figure glides toward Harker. After introducing himself as Count Orlock, he leads Harker toward the castle. *The Count bears a striking resemblance to the driver of the coach, muses Harker. Well—coincidence.*

Harker's spirits brighten considerably as the lean, skeleton-like Count ushers him into a large, ornate diningroom. Seating himself directly across the table from Harker, Orlock demands to see his papers, which Harker cheerfully produces. These are deeds and this the final stage in a transaction involving the Count's purchase of a number of land plots throughout the country.

Harker pauses momentarily in his feasting. "Aren't you going to eat?" he asks his host, gesturing with his arms over the table heavily laden with rich, steaming foods, aged wines & other delicacies.

"No, no," the Count replies curtly. "You eat, I'll read." The Count reads furiously, every part of his body seemingly affected by the words before him. His hairless head nods mechanically following the lines of the document. His long, wispy eyebrows knit & twitch nervously. Every few seconds he peers over the top of his papers with anxious eyes at Harker, who is too busy gorging himself to notice.

While slicing a piece of bread from a large loaf, Harker, in his haste, cuts himself. Count Orlock drops his papers and sits staring fixedly at the thumb—completely engrossed in the drop of blood which lies glistening atop young Harker's thumb. Harker quickly puts the thumb to his mouth, sucking away the blood. But the cut is deep and the blood reappears. Count Orlock drops his papers and advances menacingly toward Harker, like one entranced. The Count



Interrupted at his work, Nosferatu looks angrily up at camera which has caught him feasting.

grasps Harker's hand and...

blackout

Harker awakens the next morning dazed & weakened. He remembers nothing of the past evening or how he got to this room. Dressing, he wonders where his host, the mysterious Count, could be. With that in mind, Harker sets out to explore the huge castle.

After much wandering, Harker comes upon an entrance which leads to a cellar. He descends the flights of stairs. He finds a coffin in the dark corner of this damp subterranean room. Lifting the lid cautiously, he bursts it off with all his strength after making a discovery which stuns him: the coffin's occupant is none other than Count Orlock! Harker falls against the wall, terror gripping his body as he realizes that his host is a *Nosferatu*—a vampire!

the vampire's prisoner

That night, as Harker lies in bed, odd fears assail him. Just as he is about to slip into sleep, the door to his bedchamber *flies* open—revealing the odious form of Count Orlock. Orlock descends on the helpless clerk as he lies shivering in his bed, spellbound.

Meanwhile, at home, Nina Harker is having a disturbed slumber. As Orlock sinks down upon



The shadow on the wall, like a giant cockroach.



A weird welcome awaits the unwary young realter.

the terrified Harker, Nina mumbles her husband's name in her sleep. The vampire withdraws, affected by this strange defiance of distance & time, proving the power of love.

The castle becomes a prison for the shaken Harker, who soon sinks into permanent despair. He sees that his fate is sealed and that it is just a matter of time before he meets it, like a fattened pig waiting for the slaughter.

The vampire descends nightly to prey upon Harker, who has grown too weak to resist. By day, the frantic Harker searches for a way to escape... but there is none... the precise location of the castle makes escape impossible. Fever sets in and with it a deepening melancholy.

discovery of horror

One day, long after he has given up all hope for survival, Harker hears a commotion from his room in the castle and drags himself to the window to investigate.

There in the courtyard is a large freight wagon and on it... *caskets!* Harker watches in amazement as Orlock rushes back & forth bringing caskets from the castle and piling them on the wagon. It comes to Harker in a flash: *in these caskets are the vampire's native soil. The only soil in which he can sleep by day!*

And then comes an even more terrifying revelation. Orlock plans to plant these caskets in the plots of land he has purchased and carry on his bloodlusting activities on a national basis!

As soon as he finishes loading, Orlock leaves with supernatural speed. Arriving at a port on the Black Sea, he hunts for a ship which will transport him & his cargo to the German port of Bremen. Finally he finds a captain willing to take him on, tho he thinks it odd someone would wish to ship boxes of earth...

ship of death

No sooner has the ship set sail than a strange pall falls over the crew. One by one the members of the crew grow weak with fever, then die.

After most of the crew is gone, the captain finally connects the pestilence with the boxes the odd gentleman wanted shipped. The captain theorizes there's more in those boxes than just dirt.

Deciding to take a look, he stalks into the room where they are stored. As he walks in, his worst suspicions are confirmed for *the lid flips off one of the boxes and Orlock springs bolt upright in his coffin!*

The captain realizes that this weird gentleman is no gentleman at all but a vampire who has feasted on the blood of his crew and is about to start in on him.

The captain bolts out of the door onto the deck of the ship and over the side rather than face certain & grisly death at the fangs of the vampire.

Even after the ship is entirely depopulated, the vessel cuts the waters on its own.



An apparition like this is enough to make any captain abandon his ship.

harker escapes

While Orlock travels the seas in quest of his destination, Harker is now free to work out a means of escape. Since the nightly blood feasts have stopped, Harker's health has taken a marked turn for the better. He can now think more clearly. Using his ingenuity, he fashions a rope out of his bedsheets and strings them over the wall of the castle. The rope ladder falls far short of the ground but it will have to do.

Harker has to reach civilization and warn people of this fatal pestilence before it is too late.

Climbing down the rope, Harker jumps but breaks his arm on landing. Wandering through the woods in pain, he finds shelter & medical attention.

Orlock's ship arrives in Bremen, everyone aboard dead—including Orlock, who has been that way for over 400 years. The ship's hold opens and Orlock proceeds to plant his boxes at strategic locations in Bremen. The first step in Orlock's fiendish plan of literally bleeding Bremen dry has begun!

Harker knows it is a race against time and that he must be the winner. But Orlock already has his strange boxes of dirt hidden.

Meanwhile, Nina has been assiduously studying the book her husband sent her. She has discovered that "only a woman, pure in heart, who will offer her blood and stay by the side of the vampire for the night, will break the spell of the vampire."

At midnight a grim apparition appears at Nina's window. She is terrified out of her wits by this phantom for her room is on the second story!

Nina at first hesitates but then gathers her courage and does what she realizes she must do: she flings wide her shutters so that the vampire knows he is officially welcome.

Nosferatu enters the door on the lower level, proceeds up the stairway to the waiting woman's room. Her heart is pounding in her throat as the undead monster enters and approaches her supine form.

The vampire draws nearer. His shadow falls upon the trembling woman's body. The shadow of his hand travels to her throat.

Orlock's hand becomes a fist and Nina succumbs to the spell of the nosferatu...

the vampire's doom

Morning comes. Nina's ruse has worked. Orlock has stayed by her side during the night and now, his lips upon her throat, oblivious to the passage of time, the cock suddenly crows and the first rays of daylight appear!

Orlock rises to his feet but—too late! A shaft of fatal sunlight falls on his hideous form and, as he clutches his heart, his body loses substance, becomes transparent, fades away... till nothing is left of the nosferatu but an odious puff of smoke!



Sole survivor. All crewmen dead, only the Undead Nosferatu remains.

schreck, lugosi, lee et al

As seen thru the eyes of critic John Carlton, "Count Orlock was a direct descendant of Dr. Caligari. His appearance easily separates him from the suave Draculas of Lugosi, Carradine & Lee. The make-up of Nosferatu's henchmen is also stylized in the style of Veidt as Cesare, with the deep black features of the face contrasted to the pale skin. Max Schreck as Orlock gives one of the most chilling of all terror portrayals. His appearance, his expressions & his movements easily establish him as one of supreme evil & sheer gothic horror. Count Dracula, in the persons of Lugosi, Carradine & Lee was a gentleman who was fiendishly handsome. He was a very well-read nobleman. Like the world of Nosferatu, the world of Dracula is shadowy but it is not revolting. Unlike Dracula, "the spider spinning his web for the unwary fly," Orlock's acquaintances do not find him attractive. In fact, Nosferatu is not a "he" but an "it." Certainly Dracula lived among shadowy surroundings but not amongst the rats & disease as did Nosferatu. Max Schreck fitted the role perfectly as the scourge of the Earth, producing what is indeed one of the most chilling & unearthly performances of cinema history."

On the page opposite, FJA encounters Nosferatu and lives to tell the tale on the following page!



The moment of disintegration. Nosferatu has tarried too long and the morning sun's deathly rays take their toll.



Follow the Editor, if you dare, into the Lair of the Undead! Nosferatu awaits him—and you—on the following fascinating pages...

FILMUSEUM #1

a world of wonder under one roof



The night of the Academy Awards you saw the distinguished gentleman on the Editor's left receive a Special Award for his monumentally laudable lifetime work of rescuing & preserving memorable film memorabilia for posterity. The creator & curator of the Cinematheque Françoise, M. Henri Langlois.

lost horizon—found!

SHANGRI-LA lives! The address is Paris, France, within easy walking distance of the Eiffel Tower. The place, the Cinematheque.

The last time I went to Europe I saw many wondrous sights including, as I have related in a previous issue, the "birthplace" of Frankenstein, the house & grounds where Mary Shelley conceived her immortal monster in 1818; the monumental

science fiction collection of Pierre Versins in Switzerland; a feast of sci-fi & fantasy films in the theater of the Cinematheque of Belgium (7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, AELITA, ALGOL, ALRAUNE—both silent & talking; the futuristic HIGH TREASON, the ghastly Karloff film THE GHOUL, HOMUNCULUS and more!); a science fiction exhibition in Germany; the Fantascience Film Fest in Trieste; the European Science Fiction Convention; the great private col-



Dr. Colligori (Werner Krauss, right) with his somnambulist of the cabinet, Conrad Veidt.

lection of European fantasy film posters owned by Baron de Groote; the original huge posters for *METROPOLIS* and *WOMAN IN THE MOON* in the cinemarchives in Amsterdam; the precious jewel of a filmuseum created by Paul Sauerlaender in Frankfurt; and many other treasures on the continent.

—BUT THE MOST FANTASTIC TREAT OF ALL WAS THE CREATION PRIMARILY OF ONE MAN: HENRI LANGLOIS' CINEMATHEQUE!

Fantastic!
Fabulous!

As the French say: *Formidable!*

gateway to the past

Outside in the sun, the present; pass thru the

portals, into the artificially lit interior, and you are in yesterday.

A half a century disappears in an instant.
Even 75 years!

Your feet are on rich velvet carpeting, your head in the clouds.

There! Up ahead! Just beyond those 3 steps up to another level: what is that? Yes... we draw closer... and we see it is a huge black-&-white blowup of the famous hall-of-candelabras scene from *LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE*, where Beauty walks down the corridor in the enchanted castle of the gentle monster who is to become her master, on either side of her the bare muscular arms bearing lighted candles.

A turn... and we encounter Nosferatu. The draculean Undead. A grainy frame from the 1922 film has been enlarged to lifesize and stands there in the shadows, ready to pounce upon the



One of the many original striking color posters one is privileged to see in Longlois' amazing museum of motion picture rarities.



A very famous man (the bust) next to an infamous one. The splendid statue is of none other than George Melies, the cinematogion of the end of the last century & beginning of this one.

unwary visitor. But we have brought our cross with us, haven't we?—our cross & our wolfbane—and no mere image of Nosferatu, no matter how deathlike, can do us harm, can it?

Can it?

Can it?

But let us not tarry too long to find out. No need to tempt fate. Especially when there ahead in that illumined glass-walled box is—

Can it be?

That perfect little scaled model, its scaly side cut away so that we can see the men & motors that were inside operating it.

The jaws, with their hideous teeth, open wide... the raw red throat ready to erupt flame at the director's command.

Fafnir! Recognizing the dragon, we know that it was Fritz Lang's to command. Under his skilled direction it did its thing: and its thing was to menace Siegfried!

Yes—looking closer—there among the technicians we recognize the little model of the actor who portrayed the great Teutonic hero, the blond young god whose sword & determination won him a dwarf-king's riches & magic secrets and the love of a king's daughter. But he was eventually to die a tragic death, felled by a villain's spear which pierced the one spot on his body that was not invulnerable, the spot where a leaf from a tree had lodged when Fafnir's dying tail had dislodged it and it had fluttered, unnoticed, to rest beneath Siegfried's shoulder blade as he bathed exultantly in the dragon's blood.

You know those game machines with gum balls & marbles & various crackerjack-type geogaws in them, where you put in a dime or a quarter and operate a pair of metal claws with which you try to pick out the prize of your choice? Well, the Siegfried & the Dragon model was built inside a big glass box somewhat like one of those. Only, of course, alas, not for a quarter or a dollar or a quarter hundred dollars could you hope to win the prize of the model dragon and take it home with you! The only way you can take anything away with you from the wonderful museum—which is, indeed, as it should be—is in memory and, maybe as I was permitted to do for readers of FM, photographically. The Museum, when I visited it, was not yet complete. When it is—and it well may be by now (I intend to return at my earliest opportunity and find out!)—I believe they plan to have a souvenir booklet available for the public to purchase. It would certainly be a beautiful souvenir; in America, a collector's item worth a goodly price.

all is in wonderland

The interior of the Cinematheque is like a labyrinth, a maze.

Here, alcoves; there, corners.

Everywhere surprises.

Inside a glass case, the very script from which *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* was filmed!

Inside a glass case, otherworldly sketches from Russia long ago of the exotic dresses worn

by the Martian women, the clothing worn by the Men of Mars, in the famous production of life on the Red Planet, AELITA.

Behind glass, sketches from METROPOLIS itself of the magnificent skyscraping city of 60 million inhabitants of the 21st century.

Everywhere on the walls, amazing posters.

(You must understand that this glorious film museum is not devoted *entirely* to fantasy, horror, sf & monsterrific subjects—there are also important remnants from the past preserving the pictures of personalities like Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, et al—but of course I, like you, only had eyes for the imagi-movie material during the limited time at my disposal.)

It is really a crime that I didn't have a portable tape recorder with me so that I could have recorded everything my dazzled eyes saw in great detail and have transcribed it later on to report to you here. Of course I took many notes—feverishly jotted down the names of poster after poster pertaining to fantastic films that I had never known of before... but just as inevitably, in my ridiculously rushed & crowded life, I managed to misplace them. Now that I need them they're buried somewhere here in a 4-storey home in 17 rooms... perhaps in one of the 2000+ boxes of fantasy material that came with me



Paster of a version of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** that I hadn't known about until I came upon it in the Cinematheque. Apparently this was the 1911 French version in which, Walt Lee tells us in his *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films*, the deformed & demented bellringer became handsome when the gypsy kissed him.



Len Chaney Sr. as Quasimodo is shown compassion by Patsy Ruth Miller, the gypsy girl, in the most famous version of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** (1923).

UNSEEN TILL NOW! EXCLUSIVE FM SCOOP!

during my recent move, all of them by no means as yet unpacked & sorted.

Alas, I must rely on my aging memory!

I recall being excited by seeing on a wall a large colorful poster from GENUINE. That is not an English word, by the way, and is not pronounced the way you would probably think it is. It's German and sounds something like Gay-new-ee-uh. It came to the screen the year (1920) following CALIGARI, an unsuccessful film, from all accounts, which was but a pale imitation of its famous predecessor.

phantoms of the past

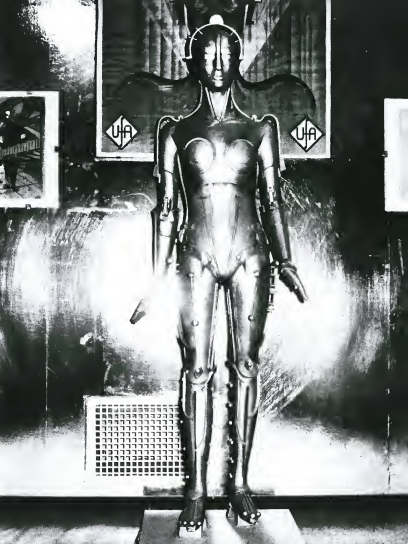
As I proceeded thru the Museum, pulled first this way then that, I truly didn't know which way to look first.

Everything was so exciting, so absorbing!

Good grief, what was that over there?! A great long flowing gorgeous robe brocaded in gold, covered with weird Egyptianesque figures. A closer look revealing: the very queen's robe worn in 1921 by the She-like Antinea! A woven cloth of rich texture & beauty which graced the silent



REVEALED AT LAST! AFTER 50 YEARS! THE BACK OF THE METROPOLIS ROBOTRIX!!!!



And here, recreated by the Master hand who first built Her, is Ultima Futura Automaton, the "star" of Fritz Lang's fabulous vision of 2026: METROPOLIS.



It's so nice to have a Krauss around the house... especially if he's the owner of Dr. Caligari's Cabinet and you can walk the streets where he once walked, inside the Cinemathèque.



Lil Dagover awakes in the night to the fright of her life as the posty-faced phantom, Conrad Veidt, clutches her throat. Decor from *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* is on display in this marvelous museum, the pride of Paris.

version of the oft-filmed *L'ATLANTIDE*, known in this country as *MISSING HUSBANDS* and, apparently, also *LOST ATLANTIS*. Since my earliest memories of movies are 1922 (*ONE GLORIOUS DAY*, *NOSFERATU* and Lon Chaney's *BLIND BARGAIN* appeared that year; I definitely saw the first but am not sure when I first saw *NOSFERATU* and am afraid I never saw *A BLIND BARGAIN*)—since my earliest movie memories date from 1922 it is probable that I never saw the 1921 version of *L'ATLANTIDE* but if it was anywhere near as disappointing as the version of 1932, I (and you) needn't eat our hearts out at having missed anything. Even tho it had Brigitte Helm—the *Metropolis* robotrix—as its star, I found it as dull, boring & uninteresting a picture (especially for a lost civilization fantasy like *SHE*) as you could imagine. In the same category with those other incredible bores, *VAMPYR* and *PIN DU MONDE* (the French *END OF THE WORLD*, 1930). This did not detract, however, from the grandeur of the Atlantean garment on display in the Museum nor the stunning great original poster that accompanied it.

As I continued, I continued to marvel at other marvels. Here a poster of a future war film showing a gigantic cannon, bigger than anything in its day. There a poster of a film perhaps based on Jules Verne's *OFF ON A COMET*. There, a great backdrop of machinery created by Georges Méliès. There a looped series of Méliès' cinemagic movies, playing continuously. There—a beautiful sculpted head of the esteemed Méliès himself, the pioneer trick-effects man for whom an annual honor has been created by Hollywood's Science Fiction & Fantasy Film Festival.

and then, at last...

I knew it was there.

I'd known it since the moment I walked in.

In fact it was the principal thing I came to Paris to see:

THE "METROPOLIS" ROBOTRIX!

Ultima Futura Automaton, the most beautiful metallic female being the world has ever known! (More beautiful in my eyes, at least, than the *Venus de Milo*.)

I fell in love with her when I was 10.

I have never fallen out of love with her.

I dreamed that one day I might possess the original of her but by now I am afraid it has pretty well been established that she was blown to the 4 winds when the Allies bombed Berlin.

But her creator survives!—and he has rebuilt Ultima. She is not, alas, quite the same as the original. Boris Karloff was not the same Frankenstein monster on *Route 66* that he was in *FRANKENSTEIN*, 1931. Marcel Delgado once started to rebuild a King Kong model but abandoned the attempt. No, the grand old gal isn't what she once was, in her modern reincarnation—which is not to say she isn't still a wonderful & inspiring piece of art. And—something no



LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE—BEAUTY & THE BEAST—one of the most beautiful monster movies ever to come from France. Represented, of course, in Langlois' loving collection of movie memorabilia.

frame of any version of the film known to me nor any still, ever showed: her back. (And for good reason: it didn't exist.) But now her maker has given her a back... tho it is still not ordinarily seen by the public—that privilege has been reserved for you FM readers.

Do you detect a Mona Lisa-like smile on Ultima's face? There's a reason. Shall I share a Great Secret with you. When no one was looking, *I placed a chaste & reverent kiss on her cold metallic lips!* After all, I had worshipped her from afar and waited nearly half a century to meet her. I didn't think she would mind. And—was it only my fevered imagination or? Did her lips become warm to my touch? Like Sleeping Beauty, did she awaken—if only for a moment—and return my kiss?

I'd like to think so.

If you ever can, go to Europe...to France...to Paris...to the Cinematheque, Langlois' monument to motion picture history...and after you have been dazed by all the fantastic posters & props & paintings & all, go to the Hall of Metropolis and give my affectionate regards to the robotrix Ultima. The experience will be a highlight of your life.

(All fotos in this feature showing *Ferry Ackerman* taken in the Cinematheque of France by *SIG WAHRMAN* courtesy of *HENRI LANGLOIS*.)

END



Your Editor invites you back for one last look at the amazing Movie Museum which, in addition to thousands of fabulous mundane items, features hundreds of fantastic sci-fi & fantasy collectors' items.



ZARDOZ

a futura fantasia

beyond 2001

ZARDOZ is an extremely fantastic film that takes place over 300 years in the future. Many of the things that happen are so amazing, astonishing, incredible, bewildering & mind boggling, if not downright incomprehensible, that it is almost necessary to be forearmed with a Guide to the Future World in order to even try to make some sense out of the bizarre happenings.

As a service to FM readers & future cinema historians, we offer a Time Tourist's Guide to the year 2293.

VORTEX

... is the name of the technological commune where most of the action takes place.

The Vortexians have discovered the secret of longevity so that their lives are prolonged virtually from here to Eternity.

As the inevitable end of overpopulation, starvation, energy depletion & all the fun things that we are currently experiencing, in 1990 everything finally breaks down and one day the world as we know it finally grids to a halt.

Exhausts itself.

Industrial society expires not with a bang but a whimper.

Civilization collapses.

But—as happened in HG Wells' classic 1936 film vision of the future, where foresighted scientists established a repository of technology in a world returned to barbarism (Barra was the base)—leading thinkers & outstanding scientists of the late 20th century put their brains & imaginations together before it's too late altogether and harness what's left of the advanced technology to form an oasis of civilization in a world that's slipped back to savagery. This little surviving community of intellects & inventors is protected from the menace of the rest of the world by a gravitational force field, making of the resultant Vortex what is in effect a "safe-deposit for man's knowledge." It is situated near a lake in a rich green valley.

THE ETERNALS

The inhabitants of the Vortex do not age beyond their mid-20s—except if they disobey the laws of their own making. The punishment for a crime committed by an Eternal is... aging! A wrongdoer is, by common consent, aged.



Citizens of the Vortex do not age... unless they have performed criminal acts. You are obviously looking at a couple of criminals!

If by accident an Eternal is killed, death is not permanent! The Vortexans have the power to reconstruct dead members, returning them, Lazarus-like, to life, complete with all their memories & past experiences intact!

Eternals will eventually live to be older than Methuselah and enjoy more lives than cats: they can be killed 9 times and brought back to life 9... or 90... or 900!

Death is actually *forbidden* them!

victims of the vortex

THE RENEGADES

The persistent offenders in the Vortex, the incurable criminals, are subjected to strange & unusual punishment: they are aged for their misdeeds. So many years of youth removed, depending on the severity of the crime & the frequency of its repetition or commission of a misdemeanor

or felony of another sort.

The Renegades are outcasts, exiles condemned to live in isolation from the rest of the community in the company only of other Renegades.

And all the Renegades are senile.

Condemned to an eternity of senility!

With no escape from a life without end, they are a malicious & embittered lot.

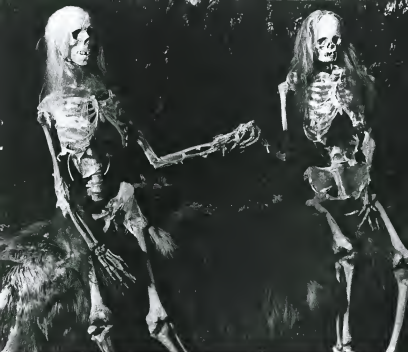
THE APATHETICS

They are Eternals who have found the strain of immortality too great.

Their weak psyches cannot cope with the reality of life everlasting.

Pursuing perfection, they fall victims to their unattainable goals and at last lose all interest in the community's ideals.

The pathetic Apathetics at last end all their endless days like Tony Perkins in *PSYCHO*—in a catatonic state, unaware of the world in



Happy at last! A man & woman of the year 2293, a time of immortality, who have escaped boredom by woeing—and winning—death!

which they exist, unable to care for themselves, a burden to the active members of society surviving around them.

outside the vortex

THE OUTLANDS

Within the gravitational forcefield, the last remnants of civilization.

Without, a desolate wasteland, inhabited by 2 types—

THE BRUTALS

The survivors of the dying world beyond the invisible energy borders of the Vortex. Little better than brutes, these hapless inhabitants of the ruined future cultivate what little they can of a polluted wasteland and just barely manage to survive. Theirs is a sorry lot. It is not a pleasant thing to be a Brutal and matters are made

worse by—

THE EXTERMINATORS

A physically superior group within the Brutals' tribal system who enjoy certain privileges, among them the right to have children, altho under strict control.

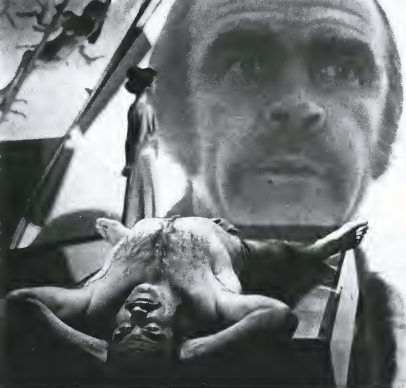
The role of the Exterminators is to make virtual slaves of the Brutals, to force them to work at producing grain, not for the tribe's consumption but for the citizens of the Vortex!

The Exterminators have rifles and use them frequently against the Brutals, hunting them down & killing them in order to keep their numbers in check.

wonders of the 23d century

THE TABERNACLE

The Brain Room of the Vortex!



Is the Terminator about to be exterminated?

Located in a subterranean complex, this is the chamber of miracles where the Eternals go for analysis or repair.

Damaged bodies undergoing the process of reconstruction are semi-visible thru the Tabernacle's translucent walls.

THE CRANIAL CRYSTALS

Each Eternal has a system of computerized crystals implanted in his or her brain.

These crystals transmit the subject's entire life-cycle to the Brain Room where the sum total of information about the Vortexans is stored. The Tabernacle is, actually, a repository for all the knowledge & experience of the Eternals.

By communicating with the *mensa* of the Tabernacle, the group-mind of the Eternals functions

in a self-regulating & self-correcting fashion.

There is no need for government.

No necessity for authority, judges, juries, censorship & other joys enjoyed in the 20th century.

All decisions are the result of sophisticated opinion polling, instantaneous & reflective of the sentiments of the majority.

COMMUNICATOR RINGS

You talk into one and it transmits your voice.

It also transmits pictures.

It is a ring of knowledge.

Each active Vortexan wears one.

They provide a direct link with the Tabernacle's analysis system.



The Great Antigrov Floating Stone God Zardoz!

A major use the Eternals make of them is for voting.

2d LEVEL MEDITATION

A state of trance practiced by the Eternals. When on this plane of meditation they are able to mentally meld themselves into a single being in order more effectively to deal with problems of paramount concern to all the Vortexans.

and then there is —

ZARDOZ!

The God of the Brutals—secretly fashioned by the Eternals in order to exploit their one-time brethren now descended almost to the level of animals.

ZARDOZ—a unique concept in science fiction & in cinema and the best part of the whole picture. A gigantic—titantic—granite Head, vicious & frightening in appearance, which defies gravity as it floats over the countryside, causing the Brutals to cower in terror beneath the igneous incarnation of their godhead.

ZARDOZ—a hrolddingnagian carving like a face from Mt. Rushmore (hut ferocious!) given mobility and awesomely moving across the skies of the 23d century.

For practical purposes the huge hollowed out Head is used to transport cargo—grain for the Eternals, guns for the Exterminators.

Like manna from heaven, rifles come belching out of the great grinning snaggle-toothed mouth of the monstrous idol, providing the Exterminators with the weaponry to destroy their less fortunate fellow men.

ZARDOZ—whose origin must no longer be secret to the majority of our readers and so for the sake of futarity we will record it here:

It pervertedly derives from that ancient juvenile fantasy classic of the early 20th century, "The wIZARD of OZ!"

zed vs. zardoz

Sean Connery, hurly chest bare, is Zed, an Exterminator first class for the artificial god created by the Vortexans. The end product of selective breeding, he possesses exceptional powers, both mental & physical. When he discovers that the Great Stone Head is a superstitious device used to exploit & betray his people, he plans revenge on its creators, the Eternals.

In the course of his endeavors to penetrate to Vortex, whose inhabitants are weak & ineffectual males dominated by strong-willed women, he confronts Consuella (Charlotte Rampling), a leading figure dedicated to maintaining the Vortexan way of life. At first bitterly opposed to the manliness of Zed, she is finally won over by his overpowering masculinity.

May (Sara Kestelman) is an Eternal who is a brilliant research geneticist and as such is fascinated by the potential of Zed as the father of a new breed of human being. In saving his life she endangers the entire structure of the Vortex, threatening it with destruction.

Avalow (Sally Ann Newton) is a beautiful seeress whose ability to pierce the veil of the future reveals to her that Zed's destruction of the Vortex is inevitable . . . and so she helps him.

"Friend" (John Alderton) is a cynical & bitter Eternal in danger of being branded a Renegade for his antisocial actions. He views Zed as a delivering Angel who may be able to provide him with the death for which he so wearily longs.

Arthur Frayne (Niall buggy) is a mysterious Merlin-like figure, a charlatan whose difficult



Monster masks & masquerades even 300 years hence!

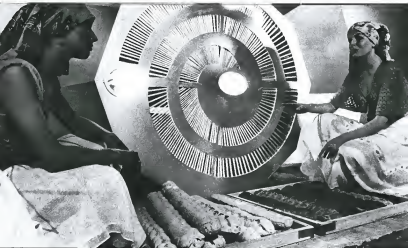
task of controlling the Outlands and the Outlanders keeps him apart from his fellow Eternals. He creates his own Frankenstein by producing Zed... who finally outgrows his creator and brings about his destruction.

behind the mask of zardoz

John Boorman produced & directed this picture from his own screenplay. During its production it was referred to as a futuristic adventure but after the completed product was screened it was decided it was something more. Its author sees it as an extension of modern day trends into a possible future where the Brains of society in times to come seal themselves off from the Brawn in the contaminated, doomed & dying world outside the magic circle maintained by Science.

"I have painted a picture of a community blinded by self-defined virtue," Boorman tells us, "a sterile society vulnerable to a primal threat."

That threat arrives in the form of a virile savage, Zed, a he-man from beyond the hemispheric borders where, under Vortexan supervision, an uncouth form of humanity is being encouraged. This cast-out outerworld has degenerated to a new Dark Ages of ignorance & superstition where helpless masses, the Brutals, are preyed upon by the frighteningly ferocious Exterminators. It is, as we have seen, the ultimate Exterminator, Zed, who penetrates the forcefield, works his way to the heart of the Vortex and there wreaks havoc with its decadent institutions.



Loaves of bread from a futuristic oven.



Run for your life from a swordsmen of Zerdezi!



Zed takes aim and is about to pump lead. Somebody's dead!



One of the many weird sights of the future.

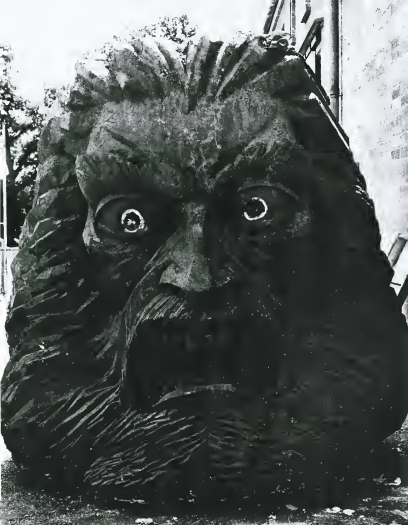
an arthur clark prediction

"It is by no means fantastic," Arthur C. (SPACE ODYSSEY) Clarke has said, "to believe that anyone who survives to the year 2000 may be potentially immortal." This is what the cryonics people have been saying too and it is why your Editor plans to become a human popsicle the moment he's declared dead, in case he doesn't make it live to the 21st century. (*In 2000 AD, I'll have attained the age of 84, if I'm lucky. As I write, my Aunt is 89 and in good health, my Mother is in her 91st year and personally opens for me 500 or more fan letters a month that I receive addressed to FM, and one member of my family in the last century made it to within 3 weeks of her 100th birthday. So I may be good for another couple hundred issues at that!*—FJA)

In the film, altho the vortexians have conquered death they are now faced with a new problem: how to cope with the prospect of eternal life. Among their social misfits are the Apathetics, a sick segment of future society for whom life everlasting has proved an impossible burden instead of a boon. In addition there are the Renegades, those individuals whose trespasses against the dictates of their fellow men have earned them the only punishment possible in a world without death: aging! The Renegades live in a manmade Hell, where life is both painful & bitter to them in an eternity of senility.

Like "2001," a strange film, ZARDOZ. You either hate it or love it. Reactions to it are never neutral.

END



The master prop itself, the huge head of the ferocious God of the Future—Zordox. Comparison with building's wall of right gives idea of crude carving's actual size.

DEVILS OF DARKNESS

don't make light of them!

till the end of time

COUNT SINISTRE. A name to be feared in the Brittany of 1800. And with good reason, as young gypsy Tania (Carole Gray) learns when she lies in her grave—and is called forth from it by the uncanny Count (Hubert Noel). Her eyes open from a deathlike coma induced by Sinistre to see an evil talisman in his hands: a serpent entwined about a bat. From this moment forward, Sinistre is her undisputed Master.



Sinistre's cataleptic victim awakens in her own coffin.

Over a century & a half passes. Paul Baxter (Wm. Sylvester) & Anne Forrest on holiday in Brittany arrive in a small village where candles are being placed on graves. According to local superstition, the dead will rise this night—for it is All Souls Eve.

Anne's brother Keith goes off alone to explore some nearby caves & underground passages. The next time Paul & Anne see Keith he is dead.

Prostrate in her hotel room, Anne is visited

by an imposing Frenchman who tries to console her. She follows him to a lake—in whose waters she observes he casts no reflection. She screams ... struggles ... when Paul arrives on the scene Anne is nowhere to be seen—only a mysterious talisman.

death takes no holiday

Paul informs the police but they seem singu-



"Jackie the Ripper" attacks, you might say, the Portrait of "Doris Anne" Gray!





The Devil's Disciples join hands in the mystic circle to work their evil ways.

lary unconcerned about Anne's disappearance. He is about to call the strange medallion to their attention when a phone call from the inspector informs him of the shocking news that his girlfriend's body has been found in the lake. "Apparently suicide, sir." But Paul refuses to believe this and makes arrangements for Anne's body & her brother's to be flown back to London for an autopsy. Before that can happen, however, cloaked figures gather that night for a black magic ceremony at the caves' entrance.

Sinistre & his High Priestess Tania commence the rites. The bodies of Keith & Anne are to be destroyed. The talisman is to be recovered at the cost of Paul's life if necessary.

Paul in the meantime has consulted a friend, Dr. Kelsey, authority on the supernatural & witchcraft, but before the doctor can be of any assistance he is killed in his lab by a snake.

A charred page from an ancient book on sorcery at last gives Paul a clue and he seeks out the Frenchman, Sinistre. The trail traps him in a web of Black Magic practitioners and he finds himself fighting a coven of Satanical worshippers for his very life.

But the worst is yet to come: he finds himself face to face with Sinistre—most diabolical of all the Devils of Darkness!

In the climax of the film we learn which side triumphs: good or evil. Nowadays, you can't be too sure!

END



Hanged voodoo doll bodes no good for man alarmed to discover it hanging in his house.

A HILARIOUS HELLO from YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN “a return to greatness”

with Special Thanks to Mel Brooks & Peter Boyle

frankenstein in new york

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, wearing a loose-fitting, leopard print sport shirt, was walking briskly (walking, mind you! not shuffling or shambling) along the streets of New York City as they existed in the 1890s. His pale green face looked eerie in the pale light from an overcast sky. And there was an expression on the fabled creature's face that somehow suggested the countenance of Marlon Brando.

Karlton Brando—?
Accompanying the grotesque giant on his stroll thru Gotham was a small group of “humans,” one of which was actor Rob Reiner, better known as Michael on television's ALL IN THE FAMILY. A less familiar face in the group belonged to longtime FAMOUS MONSTERS fan Boh Greenberg, now a professional filmmaker (co-animator on the award-winning cartoon, JOSHUA & THE BLOB, and creator of many of the exciting optical effects in the new

science fiction film DARK STAR). Last among the small band was the present writer, a Frankenstein buff who found a particular kind of significance in parading about with the infamous Monster.

The Monster, in this instance, is portrayed by Peter Boyle for the brand-new 20th Century-Fox satire, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN. This was the final day of shooting and the people involved in the production were electrified by the knowledge that their epic was on the verge of completion. I had telephoned FM editor Forrest J Ackerman to drive down to the studio where the picture was being shot. In order to witness the final scenes of YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN as they happened before the cameras. But, to Forry's eternal regret, FM deadlines came before professional pleasure—which is the reason I am telling you about what promises to be the most brilliant Frankenstein movie since the classic days of Boris Karloff.





Dr. Frederick Frankenstein (Gene Wilder) shushes the spiders who are making too much racket spinning their webs in his lab.



The Frank-en-stein Monster (as you'll learn he's called in the Filmbook) ready to be brought to life. Peter Boyle plays the role... not quite according to Boyle but according to Brooks & Wilder.

frankenstein reborn

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN is directed by Mel Brooks, twice an Academy Award Winner (for the short subject **THE CRITIC** and the feature **THE PRODUCERS**) and the writer/director of the recent Western fantasy **BLAZING SADDLES**, a wild film. Brooks has always maintained a love for the old-style horror films of the 1930s—the early Frankensteins & Draculas produced by Universal Pictures, movies that relied more on story, characterization, fine acting & atmosphere than gratuitous gore. In **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**, Brooks has taken the extreme care to recreate the feel & pulse of those much-revered classics. For the sake of authenticity, he wisely chose to shoot the film in black & white, enlisting the talents of Jerry Hirschfeld, a true master of black & white cinematography with such films as **DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE**, **THE INCIDENT** and **GOOD-BYE, COLUMBUS** to his credit. The story & characters in Mel Brooks' film reflect his appreciation for the Frankenstein movies of an earlier & more imaginative era and should afford every true monster fan with overwhelming sensations of nostalgia & pride.

But before discussing the plot of **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**, you might still be wondering just why the Monster was wearing a leopard-print shirt and strutting thru downtown Manhattan!

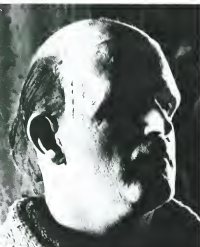


43 years later on, the return of the classic **FRANKENSTEIN** laboratory.





Dr. Frankenstein in a wild paroxysm of scientific ecstacy now knows what it feels like to be the creator of a brainchild.



"Marlon Brando wanted the part but he was busy making *LAST TANGO IN TRANSYLVANIA*."

hello, jolly

It was, again, Bob Greenberg who first opened the creaky doors to the Frankenstein castle on the 20th lot. Bob was a friend of Peter Boyle, the 6'2" actor playing the Monster in *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*. This was Bob's 2d visit to the *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* set and, luckily, on this excursion he was permitted to bring along a friend.

We drove onto the 20th Century-Fox lot and walked across the giant standing New York sets built some years ago for the film *HELLO, DOLLY!* Briefly, we stopped at one of the indoor sets where the "brain-stealing" scene was about to be shot. Peter Boyle, we were told, was still in his make-up room—actually, a trailer parked on one of the *HELLO, DOLLY!* streets.

We found the make-up trailer quickly enough and what transpired therein proved to be an experience in itself. Peter Boyle was seated in a chair while a familiar make-up artist added the pale green greasepaint to his face. The make-up artist was none other than William Tuttle, certainly no stranger to the fantastic film. Immediately visions of the Morlocks in *THE TIME MACHINE* and the lycanthrope of *MOON OF THE WOLF* were conjured up in this writer's imagination, along with the various characterizations of Tony Randall in *THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO*, the latter winning Tuttle the first Oscar for make-up.

Boyle has never portrayed a monster before

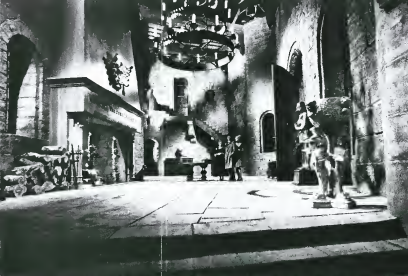


The newborn Monster takes his first hesitant steps towards the scientist who endowed him with life.

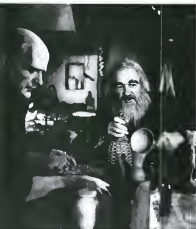
and does not anticipate becoming identified with horror films. In the past he has enacted a variety of roles, on the stage & in such films as *THE CANDIDATE*, *STEELYARD BLUES* and, most notably, *JOE*, in which he played a middle-American bigot. He also has the distinction of slightly resembling Marlon Brando and doing an incredible impression of the famed actor. But now, as he sat in Bill Tuttle's make-up chair, Peter Boyle was gradually transforming into a creature assembled from the parts of corpses.

you are there— by the make-up chair

The make-up for this latest version of the Frankenstein Monster has been kept relatively simple. Tuttle's intent is to allow for the Creature's ferocity & capability of arousing terror but also to convey pathos. Like Karloff, Boyle's pliable & expressive face reveals the Monster's feelings & moods and so there is little room for the more obvious array of scars & stitches.



Atmospheric interior of the Frankenstein Castle, furnished in Early Transylvanian.



The Blind Hermit (would you believe Gene Hackman?) can't see his guest so he's not aghast.

Darker shading was added to the actor's cheeks to give them more of a sunken impression. To his forehead a rubber appliance, affording Boyle a sloped, Neanderthal-like brow. On either side of the brow is a small, unobtrusive, stitched gash. Reddish coloring was added to the lips, black to the teeth. For comedic effect, a metal zipper graces the right side of the actor's neck.

(When the make-up was completed, Peter Boyle would don the familiar dark, padded suit and a pair of heavy boots with 5" lifts. A new conception of the Monster, yet immediately recognizable as such, has been created.)

As Tuttle finished applying the Monster's make-up, the trailer became a bit cramped. Among the people who crowded inside the small area were Rob Reiner & his wife and, shortly thereafter, the man who had played the leader of the flying monkeys in the classic fantasy *THE WIZARD OF OZ*.

While Tuttle powdered down the greenish face, Peter Boyle said to the group, "Hey, I've just got to show you Stage 5. That's where they've got the bit castle set."

With the make-up finished, Peter Boyle donned the leopard-spotted shirt supplied by the studio and led the small group of Greenberg, Reiners and Glut outside on a brief walk across Dolly's New York. Then we all piled into Rob Reiner's rented car and rode across the studio lot to the fabled Stage 5.



"Well, well, well, little girl, how'd you like to go for a dip?" "Well, woter you waiting for?"

time travel to transylvania

There have been many science fiction tales of people being transported thru time & space warps. But how often do such phenomena occur in real life? For myself, this was the closest I have ever come to such an experience. For in stepping on to the vast sets of **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**, I felt that either I had been whisked back to the Universal of 1931 or had been somehow shot thru space to some gloomy hamlet in Transylvania!

Dale Hennessey has created the fantastic interior sets of **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** and in my opinion should receive an Academy Award for his achievement. (Hennessey also created the futuristic sets for Woody Allen's **SLEEPER** and

did win an Oscar for his inspired depiction of "inner space" in **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**.) Sparing no detail, Hennessey designed & built a full-sized castle that was so authentic that only the motion picture equipment, the set backings & the material for the later cast party reminded us that we were, in fact, on a set.

Following the made-up Peter Boyle, who seemed to be the Frankenstein Monster moonlighting as a studio tour guide, we explored the incredibly realistic Castle Frankenstein, discovering:

the incredible interior

The courtyard, with its great curved archways, its cobblestone street and the logo Frank-



"So! Caught you trying to break your leash, eh?"



Mr. & Mrs. Frankenstein, a Family Portrait. Something for their grandchildren to cherish.

enstein emblazoned in letters of raised stone over the entrance way of the castle!

The library, crammed to capacity with authentic, ancient books on medicine & surgery!

Frankenstein's bedroom, including more jam-packed bookshelves, one of which also doubled as a functional secret door!

The dungeons, with their heavily-barred doors, capable of confining a real monster!

Room upon room upon room. And every one with such minute details that they never ceased giving the illusion of reality.

But of all the **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** sets, 2 were most outstanding. The first of these was the facsimile of the castle rooftop with its ancient turrets standing out against a dark, moonlit sky. We climbed the steps that brought us to the rooftop, where much of the film's climax takes place. From this high vantage point we could see the most spectacular set of all—the laboratory of Dr. Frankenstein.

The laboratory set was alive with electrical apparatus.

There were enormous coils & transformers, terminals from which jagged fingers of electricity jumped at the mere throw of a switch, wheels that spun and gave off hot nimbus of crackling power.

To one side was a silvery, horizontal platform, large enough to support a giant with metallic bands to strap him down.

Directly overhead a transom could be opened to receive the ascending platform and subject



When the inspector said "I have to hand it to you, Doctor," he didn't mean it quite so literally, it to the raw primal energy of an electrical storm.

strickfaden strikes again

The laboratory equipment looked familiar. As well it might. For this was the very same machinery built by *Kenneth Strickfaden* in 1931 for the original Boris Karloff classic FRANKENSTEIN.

Again, we explored every inch of the set. Admittedly, I had to fight the compulsion to climb upon that legendary platform—perhaps the very same that Karloff lay supine upon 43 years ago.

But it was already approaching noon. If we were to see some of the YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN footage being shot, we could spend no more valuable time basking in the darkly atmospheric sets of Castle Frankenstein.

Fortunately the scene that we observed being shot by Mel Brooks paralleled one in the 1931 version. The scene was set in a "Brain Depository," a room loaded with bottled brains. These props looked unpleasantly authentic. And when Bob Greenberg & I saw the "reserve" supply being kept cool off screen in a tray of ice, we knew the reason why.

one of our brains is messing

Acting in this scene was Igor (pronounced in this film to rhyme with "eye-gore"), played by British comedian Marty Feldman. (This is Feld-

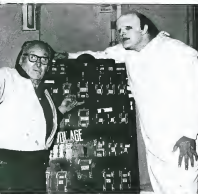


Frankenstein with a throat zipper? What necks?!

TERRIFIED TRIO!



3 sheepish people face wallfide ferocity of Frankenstein Monster.



The Monster is awestruck by Strickfaden—as well he might be! For on the left is the seldom seen maestro whose mighty machinery has thrilled millions for almost half a century in *FRANKENSTEIN*, *WEREWOLF OF LONDON*, *JUST IMAGINE*, *THE LOST CITY*, *MASK OF FU MANCHU*, *FLASH GORDON*, *BUCK ROGERS* & a million others. Kenneth Strickfaden, the Electrical Wizard, came out of semi-retirement to re-create the original great *FRANKENSTEIN* lab for *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*.

man's 2d movie meeting with the Frankenstein Monster. His first was in the 1970 film *EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE*, in which, during a fantasy sequence, he became Count Dracula and battled the patchwork creature.)

Igor has some of the greatest brains in the world to choose for his master's experiment. A close inspection of the containers reveal labels identifying the brains of Albertus Magnus & Cornelius Agrippa (real life heroes to Percy Shelley, husband of Mary Shelley who wrote the original novel *Frankenstein*).

There are also brains with labels punning currently living celebrities.

We watched the scene commence as Igor drops one of the good brains, then grabs an abnormal one. He pauses to look into the camera and seriously deliver the line, "I know, I know. But how *else* is one supposed to create a monster?"

wilder & funnier

Gene Wilder plays the part of Dr. Frederick Frankenstein, a wide-eyed innocent sort of character who is more confounded by creating human life than diabolically inspired by it. In recent years Wilder has amassed a tremendous fan following as the result of his masterful performances in such films as *BLAZING SADDLES* and the gentle fable *THE LITTLE PRINCE*. Unknown to many of his fans, however, is the fact that Wilder himself once portrayed an artificial man brought to life by magic. Gene played



All those lab assistants for one simple personality implantation?

the title role in *The Scarecrow*, a play by Percy MacKaye (and the basis for the 1923 silent horror film *PURITAN PASSIONS*). He was a scarecrow given life by a vengeful witch, a pathetic creature who strove to become a real man. The play was presented on television in the early 1970s and is occasionally rerun on UHF channels.

Madeline Kahn, nominated for an Oscar for her role in *PAPER MOON*, plays Elizabeth, Dr. Frankenstein's socialite fiancée. Cloris Leachman is Frau Blucher, Frankenstein's housekeeper who happens to have a weird affinity for monsters. Inga, Frankenstein's blond assistant, is played by beautiful Terri Garr while Kenneth Mars outdoes Lionel Atwill by exploring every possibility in his role of wooden-armed Inspector Kemp.

The costumes worn by the actors in *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* have been designed by Dorothy Jenkins, a 3-time Oscar winner for the films *NIGHT OF THE IGUANA*, *SAMSON & DELILAH* and *JOAN OF ARC*.

filmbook jr.

The story of *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* was written both by director Mel Brooks & star Gene Wilder and is an expert blend of horror, atmosphere & satire.

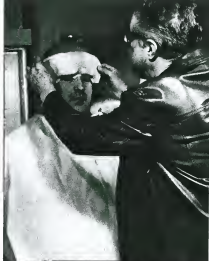
The old Dr. Benfort Frankenstein dies, leaving a rather peculiar last will & testament: all of his fortune is to be divided equally among the members of his family—unless some young Franken-



To Assistant Inga's right, the strapping young Monster; to her left, her strapped-in boss.



Academy Award Winner William Tuttle (left) creates head replica of Young Frankenstein.



Make-up Master Tuttle begins transformation of Peter Boyle into Monster by applying headpiece.

stein deems to go into the study of medicine.

Beaufort's grandson, young Frederick Frankenstein, does venture into a medical career. But Frederick also rejects everything connected with mad experiments & even madder monsters. Furthermore, he insists that his name is not pronounced as the familiar "Frankenstein"—but "Frunk-en-steen," hoping to further remove himself from the lingering stigma associated with his infamous grandfather.

Frederick journeys to Transylvania (the locale being borrowed from Count Dracula) to claim the ancestral Frankenstein castle. There he maintains his disinterest in the artificial creation of life. But Frederick's lack of concern for such traditional enterprises as monster-making comes to an abrupt end when Frau Blücher plays him an ancient Transylvanian lullaby on her violin. There is an old adage about music soothing the savage beast. In this instance music has the opposite effect, arousing the young Dr. Frankenstein, enflaming him with the compulsion to create his own living man.

the mad lab

Learning that his bookcase doubles as a secret door, Frederick discovers the hidden staircase that leads to the laboratory once used by his ancestor to energize the original Monster. The laboratory is loaded with bizarre electrical de-

vices. And at its top is a large transom, ideal for raising the long horizontal platform into the furies of a lightning storm.

Before long, the hunchbacked, twisted-limbed, black-cowled Igor is dispatched to steal the brain that will go into the skull of Frederick's version of the Monster.

His Monster completed, Frederick dons protective glasses, switches on the Frankensteinian laboratory apparatus and raises the lifeless creation to the rooftop transom. Atop the roof, Igor waits with the kite that will attract the electrical powers of the storm. (Unlike the big kites used in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* in 1935, Igor uses the type sold in any ten cent store.)

The Monster's dormant form receives the full power of electricity, both God- & man-made. Then it is lowered back into the laboratory, where Frederick nearly goes insane with his monstrous success.

the hermit & igor

As in the original Karloff Frankenstein films, the Monster inevitably escapes the castle, roaming & terrorizing the countryside. In a parody of a classic scene, he has a brief encounter with a little girl. (No, he does not drown her. For this Monster, though most people fear him, is really quite lovable.)

Eventually the Monster stumbles upon the hut of a blind hermit (Gene Hackman). Grunting

with delight, the Monster enjoys the hermit's music but becomes the inadvertent victim of his sightlessness. Remember the touching scenes of the Monster & the blind man in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*? Director Mel Brooks shatters them! The hermit offers the Monster a bowl, then proceeds to pour him a ladle of soup. But being unable to see, the blind man accidentally misses the Monster's bowl, pouring the hot liquid into his lap. Then as the hermit offers the Monster a smoke, he only succeeds in setting his green thumb on fire!

The Monster continues on his escapades away from the castle, displaying his liking for music. Thus it is with music that Frederick & Igor lure him back home.

This was one of the scenes that Bob Greenberg & I had the privilege of viewing—in the form of "dailies" or "rushes"—in a private screening room on the 20th Century-Fox lot, along with Mel Brooks, Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, Marty Feldman, Teri Garr & the technical crew of *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*.

First Igor sits atop one of the parapets of the castle like some human gargoyle, sounding a horn that will hopefully attract the Monster. Igor blows his horn several times, then slowly swings into a jazz arrangement of "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Wanna Do It." When this fails to lure back the creature, Frederick takes more drastic steps.

On the rooftop of Castle Frankenstein, Frederick sets up a couple musicstands & an old stand-up microphone familiar to fans of the Crosby crooners & big bands that dominated popular music before the advent of rock 'n' roll. Frederick & Igor then play a duet—yes, that same beast-soothing Transylvanian lullaby—until Inga spots a green-faced giant approaching the castle.

The Monster, infatuated by the music, staggers across the courtyard, grunting, arms outstretched. Then clutching at the vines that grow up along the castle wall, the Monster begins to climb.

Inga reaches out to help him.

"No!" commands the emotionally-charged Frederick Frankenstein. "Can't you see? He wants to do it himself!"

Groaning, snarling, grimacing, the Monster finally ascends the castle wall to join Frankenstein, Igor & Inga.

Those were but a sample of the scenes we observed in the screening room, take-by-take, and in a few cases snicker by snicker. (With such zany goings-on, even fine actors like these often have difficulty maintaining straight faces.)

mind over madder

Dr. Frankenstein realizes that there is only one way to save the Monster—and that is to perform another experiment, one that will impart to the creature some of his own mind & personality. Again the Monster is strapped to the great platform in the laboratory. But this time Fred-

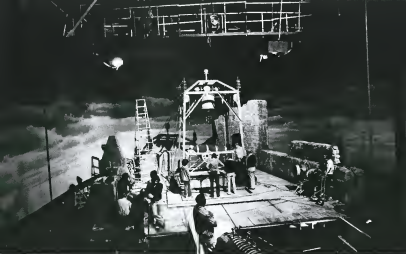


Behind the Scenes: Peter Boyle rehearses for "how does that grab you" scene.

erick takes his place on a 2d platform. A metal skull cap is placed over each of their heads, the laboratory apparatus again crackles & sparks with white-hot life and the mind-transference experiment progresses successfully.

Now a true bond exists between creator & created. They are, in a sense, brothers under the scalp. Possessing some of his maker's mentality, the Monster's personality undergoes a severe change and...

There are more tributes to the Frankenstein films of old scattered throughout the madness of *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*. In a scene reminiscent of *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, the Inspector, investigating rumors that the Monster walks again, finds him chained in a secret room of the castle. Another scene depicts



Rare shot showing how the Birth of Young Frankenstein set looked topside where the electrical storm takes place.

the Monster attempting to choke his creator while other sequences portray the ever-present villagers wielding their clubs & fiery torches, searching thru the mist-shrouded woods or storming the castle in search of the giant fiend.

the end of frankenstein?

The ending of the film?

No, I'm not giving that away. Mel Brooks has requested that the surprise ending (along with a special sequence in which Frederick exhibits his creation to the public) remain a secret until the premiere of the film. But I've seen the stills and I promise you this:

The climax of YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN will be unlike that of any other Frankenstein film you have ever seen!

Perhaps the character of Elizabeth is more surprised by this ending than anyone else!

We joined Mel Brooks, Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, Teri Garr & motion picture music composer Quincy Jones for lunch in the studio commissary. Brooks & Wilder revealed a legitimate interest not only in the old Frankenstein movies but also in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* as they browsed thru a copy of my own book *The Frankenstein Legend*. Both of them, along with most everyone else at the table, expressed their dislike of such overly grisly productions as Andy Warhol's new 3D film *FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN* (also known simply as *ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN*). Everyone, it seems,

prefers the tasteful product of the 30s & 40s. And it is just such a product that *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* promises to be.

We can ignore the many Frankenstein films of 1974, the Warhol film included. Mel Brooks' *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* is the Frankenstein film of the year—perhaps of any year since the original Universal series. *Greatness* has been restored to the immortal Monster.

A Christmas 1974 release is planned for *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* by Mel Brooks & producer Michael Gruskoff (who also produced the sci-fi film *SILENT RUNNING*). Judging from what this writer observed—both on the set & in the screening room—horror film buffs who have bemoaned the passing of the old classics into the realm of history could not ask for a better Christmas present!

Perhaps it is merely coincidental that the Karloff *FRANKENSTEIN* of 1931 also premiered in December. But I personally feel that the opening of Mel Brooks' *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* this December is more than coincidental.

I would say it's appropriate.

We left the 20th Century-Fox lot feeling good that day, forgetting that the sky was cloudy and presaged rain and that there was a sharp chill in the breezy air. But before we returned to the car to once more drive thru the prefabricated streets of Gay 90s New York, we made a final visit to Stage 5... a final sentimental journey to Castle Frankenstein as it would exist forever on celluloid.



Young Franky is a Fugitive from a Chain, Gang!

RARE TREATS!

an always new dept.

14 YEARS YOUNG! That's how old the Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS was when, in 1930, his maternal Grandmother bought him his first movie stills. They were a birthday present and they were from the futuristic picture JUST IMAGINE, about a trip to Mars in 1960. Today Forry Ackerman has over 35,000 stills from fantasy, sci-fi, horror & monster films... and his collection is constantly growing. Normally when he acquires fotos that he has never had before—scenes &

portraits from the past, that is; not brand-new releases—he files them away until the day they fit into an article about, say, Bela Lugosi or Lon Chaney Sr. or Jr. or Boris Karloff or Christopher Lee or whoever it may be. But from now on, as fast as he acquires them, he'll share his latest acquisitions with you! A few months after HE first sees them, you'll find them HERE—exclusively—in the World's Original Film-monster Magazine.



LON CHANEY JR., in make-up for his role as the MAN MADE MONSTER takes time off in 1942 to pose before the plaque dedicated to the memory of his father 2 years earlier. Actress clasping his hand is believed to be Patsy Ruth Miller, still very much alive & lively today (your Editor recently had a long telephone conversation with her)—the girl who played Esmeralda in senior Chaney's HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, which preceded THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

DWIGHT FRYE (right) as Renfield is choked by a different "Master" for a change: stage actor Pym in a presentation of the play.



CHRISTOPHER LEE is very debonair in the 1959 technical-color version of the much-filmed HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES. In this filmization of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famed detective story, Peter Cushing played the role of Sherlock Holmes.



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THE ACKERMONSTER IN FRANKENSTEIN'S DOMAIN



Visiting HIS Birthplace

shelley enter?

looking for the legendary

FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE. In 1951, when I made my first trip to Europe, I of course included Germany—land of Fritz Lang's masterpieces, birthplace of SIEGFRIED, where METROPOLIS was built skyhigh and Rotwang wrought his miracle in metal (the automaton Ultima Future, robotrix #1); where NOSFERATU sprang forth from his coffin on his midnight missions and Cesare the Sannambulist

climbed out of THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI to slink like a shadow thru the contorted architecture of the surrealist town as he went about his nefarious nocturnal deeds; where Paul Wegener twice came to terrifying life as THE GOLEM, the juggernaut of clay; and the rocket blasted off for Luna bearing THE WOMAN IN THE MOON; and HOMUNCULUS met his electrical fate atop a mountaintop after 24 reels;—and all those other good things of the German cinema of the scientific & the macabre.

And when I say "all I am not speaking idly. I remind you of:

GOLD,

F.P.1

THE TUNNEL,

JANUS-FACED,

THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE,

THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPT. RAMPER.

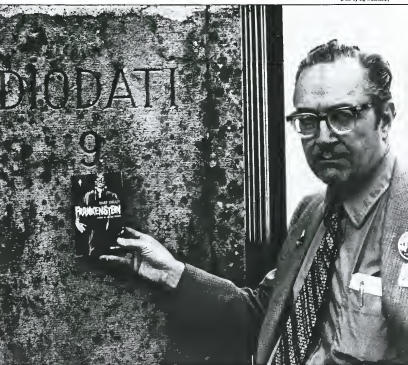
Among others.

But one great goal I had: to track down Frankenstein Castle. And one morning I rose early and journeyed by car from Frankfurt and traveled back in time to the 13th century where I found the castle built by the young Frankenstein about 1250 AD. I learned of the legend of "a terrible man-eating monster in the neighborhood of the Katzenborn, which frightened the whole valley below." You'll find a report of it in greater detail

in my introduction to Don Glut's book "The Frankenstein Legend" (Scarecrow Press). In the same volume I also speak of how I discovered the hamlet of Frankenstein in the USA when Wendayne & I took the 8700 mile drive all over the USA meeting readers of FM in their homes in 1963.

In the years since I had first seen FRANKENSTEIN in 1931, I had acquired the pressbook, the sound disks, countless stills, lobby cards, posters, numerous editions of the books (including many foreign languages); I had been invited to the preview of BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN at the studio and there had seen Colin Clive; I had befriended Boris Karloff & Elsa Lanchester, even played in a Frankenstein film (albeit a terrible one); I had even managed to acquire an incredible rarity, a signature of Mary Shelley over

(Photo by Dag Walmann.)



Geneva, Switzerland. One of the world's most famous addresses.

150 years old!

Was there anything else I could hope to accomplish, Frankensteinwise?

YES!

It was the summer of '72 and I had come for the 2d time in my life to the abode of my dear friend Pierre Versins, the most knowledgeable man in Switzerland on matters pertaining to imaginative literature. Once some years earlier I had visited him in Rovray, that min-bamlet high on a breathtaking mountainside, too tiny to be recorded on the usual map, its population less than 100 but including this genial gentleman who might, replete with face-framing beard, be a gnome king from Fritz Lang's storied SIEGFRIED or the blind beggar (but with eyes wide open both to the harsh realities of life & its wondrous & rewarding fantasies)—the blind beggar who identified Peter Lorre by his whistled tune in "M." My pal Pierre, who has labored the better part of a lifetime to create the most incredible, the most gigantic tome of science fiction knowledge the world has even known. If anyone would know, I thought, it would be the veritable font of fantastic knowledge, Versins.

So I asked him,

"Which way to where Mary Shelley wrote FRANKENSTEIN?"

And the next day I was on my way. With Wendyne. (Mrs. Ackerman.) Which, as it turned out, was a very good idea—since she teaches French and I only studied it... 40 years ago.

the house of frankenstein

It was in the summer of 1816, as Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley later informed the world in 1831, that she & her husband visited Switzerland and became neighbors of Lord Byron. It was in Geneva, to be exact; a villa overlooking the shores of the lovely lake.

"It was a wet, ungenial summer," she wrote (and note this well, for it is of strange importance later in my editorial account—FJA), "and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house."

One day Lord Byron proposed to Mary, Percy Shelley & their friend Polidori, "We will each write a ghost story."

Mary reported: "I busied myself to think of a story,—a story to rival those which had excited us to our task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship [today that "blank incapability of invention," as Ms. Mary so elegantly put it, is widely referred to among authors as Writer's Block—FJA], when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. *Have*

you thought of a story? I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative."

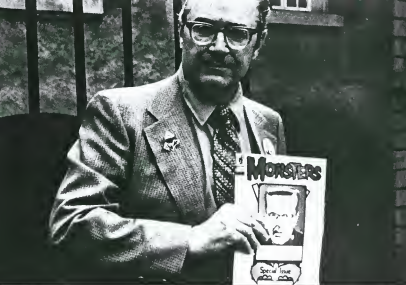
beyond the witching hour

"Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener," Mary continued. "Night waned... and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes."

Mary struggled to release herself from the thrall of terror which had mesmerized her mind and affrighted her emotions. In her mind's eye the eerie gaze of the Monster grew closer. Its inhuman orbs sought and held hers. If only she could open her eyes in reality and escape this nightmare—!

"I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them still; the very room, the dark parquet [wooden flooring with pattern formed by use of various kinds of wood—FJA], the closed shutters, with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy lake and white high Alps were beyond. I could not so easily get rid of my hideous phantom; still it haunted me. I must try to think of something else. I recurred to my ghost story,—my tiresome unlucky ghost story! O! if I could only contrive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night!

"Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. 'I have found it! What



PM's Editor takes you thru a Gateway to the Past ... to the Time & Place where Mary Shelley wrote **FRANKENSTEIN.**
(Photo by Sig. Weinman.)

terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow."

The glassy lake... the white high Alps... I, Forest Ackerman, stood before them now, where once Mary Shelley had stood and conjured up her nightmare to frighten & delight mankind to eternity. Her monster was born in her mind in 1816; in 1916—100 years later—the Ackermmonster was born. And 55 years after my birth I came at last, in the summer of 1972, to the fabled spot, the single plot of land on all his great interplanetary world we call Earth, where a literary legend had been created, creating in its turn a perpetual procession of filmic offsprings.

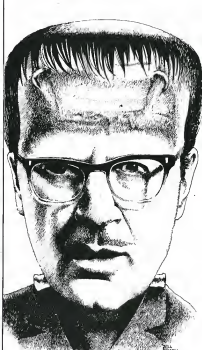
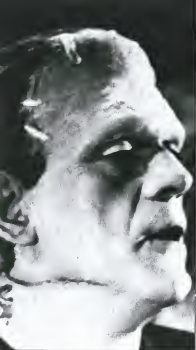
On the grilled iron gate barring entrance to the estate was a sign in French. My knowledge of the language was sufficient to tell me that potential trespassers were being warned of wild dogs within. Apparently I would have to make do with a view from the street.

Wendayne (the same who gave you "Rocket to the Rue Morgue") took several pictures of me, a pair of which are reproduced here. Those who have seen them in my files have commented that they are quite atypical—and it is true: they are not the usual "Smiling Moonbeam" poses into which I fall so naturally. It has even been said that in the "Diodati" picture I look grim. It is

simply that to me these were very serious moments; Mary Shelley has meant a great deal in my life—the life of all of us interested in fantasy & horror—and I sincerely felt the solemnity of the occasion. It was like standing at Lugosi's grave or before Chaney's crypt—you don't dishonor meaningful moments like that. Many thoughts passed thru my mind in those few minutes and they included Boris Karloff & James Whale & Colin Clive & Dwight Frye... but mostly were about Mary & the fact that over a century & a half after the Frankenstein monster first lurched forth into the world, I was 7000 miles from home and at journey's end: another great dream realized.

attacked by monsters

We were about to leave when an elegant-looking lady in a fine European car drove up and turned into the Shelley driveway. Wendayne hailed her and had an animated conversation with her in French, later explaining to me that she had explained to the lady that I was a journalist from America especially interested in Frankenstein and would it be possible to come onto the grounds for a moment or 2? The lady, who turned out to be the daughter of the owner, graciously assented and we spent 10 minutes or so being



The real Frankenstein Monster (left) casts an admiring look at the real Ackormonster, as portrayed by artist Bill Nelson.

shown about and conversing on the broad green sward. The lady spoke a bit of English and, when reminded of the summer rain squalls that started it all, said she found this most remarkable because she had spent approximately 25 summers there with her Mother and she never remembered any such storms in summer! It seems reasonable to believe that, had there never been an unreasonable summer in Geneva in that long ago 1816, there might never have been a Frankenstein!

And I would have had no reason to find myself on that fine verdant expanse of grass by the lake.

And I would never have been attacked by wingless bats!

Well...the daughter of the mistress of the mansion called them dogs—the same wild canines of which the sign on the garden post had warned—but suddenly there was this ferocious pack of 4 or 5 little black monsters with beady red eyes & flashing teeth, looking (and feeling!) for all the world to me like 4-legged bats with their wings clipped! If they were nipping at my ankles it was only, I felt, because they couldn't jump high enough to get at my throat!

The incident of the wingless bats somewhat shortened my stay altho I did not depart without having a few further fotos taken on the grounds at spots where Mary Shelley might have stood or sat; and as mementoes for absent friends I picked (and later pressed) a few leaves from the Garden of Frankenstein, leaves from bushes & trees which might very well have been alive in the time of Mary Shelley and been looked upon & touched by the hands of that talented teenage terrorist of the 19th century.

On my next trip to England I must see if the British museum contains the manuscript of *Frankenstein* and attempt to see it. And pay homage at the gravesite of the Mother of Frankenstein.

END

MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER 76

THE BODY FROM BELOW?

Where did we dig up this one? Is it a corpse from **CORPSE & ROBBERS**? A body from **I LOVE YOU TOMB MUCH**? **Fong Sinatra** in **WHAT KIND OF GHOUL AM I?** Is it **Bury At-water** after being under water too long? Well, the **Old Gravedigger's** gotta admit he dug pretty far back to surface this one. 20 years, come 1975, to be exact.

This particular motion picture, in your editor's opinion, was probably the best horror science fiction film of its year (1955) and in fact deserves to be remembered as among the best of all time. If you can correctly un-jumble the following phrase, you'll identify it: **GREEN CHIN TOWNE PUNK.**



ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 75

Two from the bizarre Brazilian horror film **TONIGHT I'LL INCARNATE INTO YOUR BODY.** As we go to press there hasn't been time yet for many answers to be received but we doubt we're going to be swamped with correct ones. On the other hand, we've rarely received so many right answers as on **JACK THE GIANT KILLER.** Those who recognized the monster or unscrambled the movie's name included:

JOE P. RYAN, BOB SHAR, TIMOTHY LEONARD, CHRIS HAMMERS, LINDA GALT, RUSSELL CHURCH, GARY SPENCER, CHRISTY LANDI, BRIAN SMITH, CHRIS LOMAX, BOB FORDMAN, SHIRLEY KING, JILLIAN COLLINS, BOB IN REASON, DON HEDRA, STEVE HALLING, LARRY DEAN, CHRIS CLEGG, DON CLARKE, DON SNOW, J. MELER, S. NORDSTRAND, ROBERT LAWLEY, CARL JORDAN, DAVID CARVEROS & ANDRE MEIER

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IT LIVES BY NIGHT

it kills by bite



night flight to doom

LISTEN for the sound of leather wings...
WAIT for the touch of claws at your throat.
LOOK deep into the eyes of the creature that
science dare not acknowledge:

The *manbat*!

He's thirsting for your blood.

Dr. John Beck, immunologist, is combining a delayed honeymoon with a work project which greatly interests him. He is taking his wife Cathy to a mountain ski resort but she has agreed that they will stop en route so that he may study the bats which inhabit a cave located in the area of the resort.

In the darkness of the cave, her footing uncertain, the young bride slips and falls.

Into a chasm!

As she cries out in fright & pain, her husband

unhesitatingly leaps down to her aid.

As he jumps, a whirl of leathery wings is heard.
Bats!

The nocturnal bloodsuckers swarm about the pair who attempt to beat them away from their heads & eyes—and throats.

But one of the bigger bats bites John on his forehead.

The immunologist grabs the bat and kills it.

Repulsed by the corpse of the creature, Cathy kicks it away.

"Walk, honey!" But too late—the bat has already been dispatched deep into the chasm. "I wanted to check it for rabies," John explains.

"Sorry, darling—I—I didn't think."

"It's alright—chances are it wasn't rabid anyway."

They continue their trip.

mysterious vertigo

On the way to the ski lodge, John suddenly has a strange experience:

An inexplicable shudder shakes him.

His eyes momentarily glaze.

But the sensation passes quickly and Cathy has not even been aware that anything out of the ordinary has happened.

But when they are in the gondola being taken up to the ski site, John is seized by another convulsion.

This time when his eyes glaze over he sees, thru a haze, Cathy running.

Running desperately.

As tho for her very life!

And with good cause: for a swarm of bats is chasing her!

One catches her!

Then he snaps out of his fever dream... and is surprised to find Cathy staring at him. "Darling, what's the matter?"

"Nothing... nothing," he assures her; "everything's alright."

But after skiing, while they are warming their chilled bones in a jacuzzi, John is gripped by another convulsive reverie. He is brought out of it by a stab of pain in his hand... and is surprised to find he has unconsciously crushed a glass, cutting himself.

At the slope's first-aid station John's cuts are treated by Dr. Kipling. Both the doctor & his nurse concur that the bat bite should be treated soon and John goes to a nearby hospital to take the Pasteur treatment against rabies as a pre-

IT'S IN THE BAG!



The grotesque result of a macabre mutation.

ventative precaution.

man into monster

John reacts violently to the first anti-rabies shot.

A terrible nightmare grips him:

He sees his own hand undergo a horrifying change into a bat's black claw.

He sees himself killing the night nurse by ripping her throat open!

And when he awakens the next morning it is to a nightmare with his eyes wide open for he learns that during the night the attendant on duty has been murdered *exactly as he dreamed!*

John is deeply disturbed.

Was it only a horrible dream?

Or did he actually commit murder?

Can he be becoming a kind of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde?

Detective Sergeant Ward suspects John but he of course vigorously denies that he knows anything about it.

But as time passes, more & more of these vicious, unmotivated, mysterious murders take place.

And John becomes more & more worried.

And it becomes more & more urgent to learn the answer to the question: is he indeed responsible?

the suspect escapes

John can stand the detective's hounding no longer.

He steals an ambulance from the hospital in order to get away from Sgt. Ward.

Ward rushes to his squad car and takes off after the unfortunate immunologist in wild pursuit. Unavoidable accidents occur. Finally John's car crashes and he escapes on foot.

Intuitively he makes his way back into the caves.

monster in the night

Ward continues searching for John for several days but finally gives up.

Cathy refuses to give up hope of being reunited with her husband.

Ward proves to be a rat and takes advantage of Cathy's husband's absence to make (unwanted) advances to the young bride. Cathy indignantly rebuffs him.

One night, to her delight, Cathy returns to her motel room and finds her husband there.

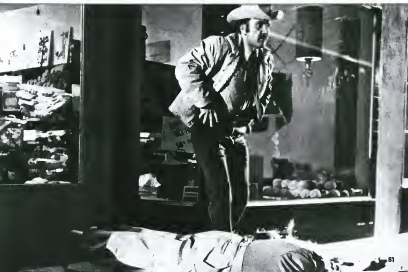
"John! John! You're back!" She rushes into his arms.

But John reacts very strangely. "Go home," he orders his wife. But Cathy disobeys. And as she is kissing her husband he changes before her very eyes into the hideous bat demon!

Cathy screams...faints...and when she comes to, John is gone.



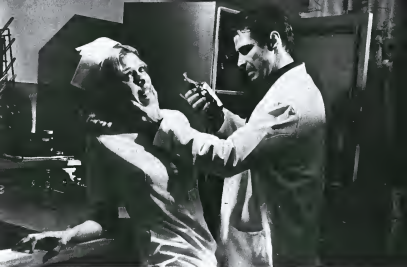
Suffering from an hallucination, Dr. John Beck tries to break into a department store and a few minutes later Detective Sergeant Ward discovers a headless dummy.



THE MENACING MANBAT!



The newly wed young immunologist has metamorphosed into this horrifying mutation!



The nurse's life is in the hands of the cold-blooded bat-killer.

Ward & Cathy head for the caves. In the meantime John has killed again—an old tramp.

Cathy waits outside while Ward cautiously enters the cave. He encounters John and begins to fight with him when he changes to the batman. Ward badly mauls the monster and escapes.

Ward is given first aid at a ranger's station while Cathy waits. Suddenly Cathy experiences a weird shudder—identical to that which first effected her husband!

Ward & Cathy head away from the caves in the detective's car when the bats stream out of their lair, thousands flying from the cave's entrance straight toward them.

combatting the killer bats

A single, singularly ugly bat seems to lead the pack, urging the swarm on, pursuing Ward & Cathy. One bat after another smashes against the windshield. Ward is stunned by their ferocity; Cathy acts as tho she were expecting it.

The car skids off the road. Cathy jumps. Hundreds of bats stream in the shattered windows, their razor sharp teeth devouring Ward alive! Realizing he is doomed, Ward puts a shotgun to his throat and ends his life.

Hearing the death blast, Cathy pauses a moment, then continues into the desert. An eerie inner call seems to direct her foot to the bat cave.

She disappears into the cave's darkness... bride now of the manbat!



First his hand, then his whole body, assumes the shape of a bat.

PAPERBACK NOVELS OF HORROR

SIX EXCITING ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN



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A modern-day vampire drinks Leo Hays, his neighbor's son, making him nearly as vicious. #21342/\$1.25



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The sword of stone is returned to life as a hero in the dream world. #21024/\$1.25



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A classic tale of a comet that causes war and chaos. #21134/\$1.25

DRACULA KITE

2-in-1 Year Round Fun:
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Giant 54" Wing Span!

Dracula is alive and well in the form of an incredible plastic kite. Send your King of the Vampires soaring amidst the flimsy, paper kites of your friends, and watch him shine! The ominous, black sky-rider will make all other kites seem anemic. Made of sturdy, Para Vane plastic, the infamous Count will make you the talk of your town. And he is specially constructed for easy launching, and smooth, majestic flight. And he's larger than most kites: his wing span alone is nearly five feet in length! Fly him on the beach... scare bathers to death! Or let him soar in your backyard or local playground. Great outdoor fun for all ages! #2660 \$2.25



TARZAN HOME MOVIES

Now you can show the action-packed exploits of Edgar Rice Burroughs' great jungle hero in your own home! The world-famous ape-man returns to battle vicious hunters, man-eating beasts, and ruthless tribesmen in 3 thrilling adventure films. Enter a new and exciting world of savage survival and brutal combat as Jungle Lord returns!



ORDER NOW!

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OWN THESE NEW HOME MOVIES

One of the most popular characters of contemporary heroic fiction returns, in three exciting 200' reels. Serial star John Carroll portrays the dynamic Zorro, defender of the weak and the oppressed. You'll thrill to these fast-moving adventure classics, available in Super 8mm only. Order yours today!

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Transform your room into a world of fantasy and imagination with exciting plastic super-hero hobby kits. Superman and Superboy, the Men of Steel. Batman, the nocturnal avenger. The rip-roaring Lone Ranger and his faithful Indian companion Tonto. The awesome Hulk. The web-slinging Spider-man. And Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. Each figure stands 8"-12" tall, has complete instructions for assembly, and features a detailed diorama which, when mounted and placed behind your model, gives the kit a thrilling true-to-life quality. Order Today.



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There has never been a product quite like these discussion books. In all their "collegiate books" are accurate enough. Yet, these high quality collections of materials are not mass. Instead the heavy investment goes in a valuable encyclopedia of intellectual knowledge, with monographs that complementing each book and with 10's of 12's of illustrations. For each is truly and substantial, and the books can be carried by the owner, or happily read by others.



MONSTER GALLERY

Between the atmospheric, full color covers of this really illustrative volume are magnificent renderings of such classic characters as the Cypriotes from *2001 Year of the Snake*, *The Windmills*, *King Kong*, the Martians from *The Time Machine*, *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, and more wonderful monsters than you can shake a stick at. At the end will tell you everything you've always wanted to know about Godzilla, Mr. Hyde, The Fly and others. This is a book that no one who has ever without. A quality addition to your library.

[illegible]

The Age of Reptiles lives again in these three panoramic, full color dinosaur puzzles. Each has a big 200 pieces and is a large 20"x12" when fully assembled. Mosaic of fun: great to mount and display.



TYLOSAUR
vs. PTERANODON

The wages of a prohibitionist are often charged with death as these great hearts beat in a cold, Puritanical way. The first winged animal, Pterosaur, was the earliest ancestor of our own modern-day Loch Ness Monster. The two were blood brothers, as both fed upon fish from the sea. www.fox.com



This is the big one! At 39 tons, it's the heaviest crane ever in this country. The *Hydrocrane* had to spend most of its time in water for two reasons: It helped support its massive weight, and kept it out of the politicians, most calling *Onesimus* who couldn't swim. *Onesimus* was really a construction boat. www.boat.com



TYRANNOSAUR vs. TRICERATOPS

The earth quakes in these two great seismic districts, little if at all to the south. The Tyrrhenian, King of the Apennines and neighbor of the Mediterranean, and Ichnus, a powerful vegetation, are a well-matched pair, the Tyrrhenian, holding with 6° North, his companion with 3° sharp every hour. #2674/11.20

OWN YOUR OWN PLANET!



GIANT 10 FT. BALLOON

Giant balloon floats up to gasp-inducing heights! American Air Force Pilots will witness this awe-inspiring aerial performance—same kind used by US Air Force War memorials in 1945 by a special purchase by Captain Command! Genuine Neoprene rubber. Let's get the way of making a world record! Call 1-800-444-4444.

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FULL COLOR! MADE OF STURDY METAL!

Here are magnificent full color pins to wear on jackets, clothing, or to tag almost anywhere. Drawings by the masters are the highlight of these durable discs, which you'll be proud to don or display.



Flora Garden, with Ming the Merciless
T'ang, drawn by Raymond. ©1964-65, R.



Terron and the spot, a beautiful ♀
out by the shore. *Exochus* 1212

AMAZING WORLD OF SUPERMAN

100 page, 11"x18" paper-bound book that was the official souvenir volume of Metropolis. Superman's home town amusement park is ill-



VAMPIRE CLAWS

**BLACK NAILS THAT
ATTACH TO YOUR OWN!**



Export program a Rob, by Francisco, A. Gue
3rd running - Order #2442/10-28



Tarzan strikes, by Hagarth, illus. 6"
pb. Truly magnificent! #2665/92-95

SENSATIONAL PIN UP POSTERS FOR SALE

If your appetite runs to **GIANT SUPER PIN-UP POSTERS**, then these are your Meats! For a Main Course, try the **Gigantic FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER POSTER** at left, drawn as only the great Jack Davis can. This 6-foot beauty is yours for a mere \$1.50! And what an array of other tidbits to choose from! TV PERSONALITIES! SUPER HEROES! MONSTERS! GODDESSES! All other Posters are 3-1/2 by 2-1/2 feet in size, printed on heavy quality paper and many are in Full Color.



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GIANT LIFE SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY

Jack Davis



**6
FEET
TALL!**

A gigantic, unshakable work of art... the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER OVER 6 FEET TALL, by America's greatest cartoonist and Jack Davis, a masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it! From your pocket, take a magnificent view of the monster's head, body & to the middle of your audience or draw down, put it between someone's feet, or just pin it on the wall. A million dollars worth of value for a low price.

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Create your own Classic Horror Film Characters! Authentic Life-like Model Kits made of Styrene plastic. You paint them yourself with quick dry enamels and watch them Glow in the Dark! Fantastic!

"GLOW" FRANKENSTEIN

The most famous Movie Monster that Karloff ever produced! Now you can have him walk right across your bookshelf!

Turn to last page of this magazine & order this 10-1/2" high monstrosity! #2402 FRANKENSTEIN \$2.50



"GLOW" DRACULA

Nine inches of nerve numbing terror! That's what this model of the nefarious Count is! His hands are outstretched, as he beckons his next victim! It might be YOU! Help a vampire get together, kitzoo! Certainly a MUST for terror freaks! Order #2404 DRACULA \$2.50



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Erik, the vile and tortured Mad Phantom of the great Paris Opera House! Horrid Glow in the Dark face of sheer Terror! Scorned and torn damaged face! Eyes popping in hatred for all the world! 9" high! Order #2405 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA \$2.50



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He resides, now and forever, he chained to his prison wall in the dungeons of the Cursed Castle! The man cursed wrongfully will send his curse back upon the unlucky! #2406 FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE \$2.50



"GLOW" MUMMY

Stalking stealthily forth from the tomb of the evil Pharaohs, he glides! His shroudlike bandages that now hang in foul tatters woven when Dark magic ruled the World! Now he crawls and creeps onward... pleading... TO KILL YOU! #2403 MUMMY \$2.50



"GLOW" WEREWOLF

It's a bad moon on the rise! The sons wind now rustles a true branch—the ghostly gray swirling air is all filled with the sound of the rugged pantings of a ferocious wild beast... THEN HE STRIKES! His fangs glowing as you Talons sink into your throat. #2407 WOLFMAN \$2.50



"GLOW" CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

Now you can build the gurgling gill-man who's merely 300,000 years old! One of the fiercest folk-heroes of the Frightful Fifties is recreated to perfection! #2409 CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON \$2.50



"GLOW" DR. JEKYLL AS MR. HYDE

He clutches his neck in agony! The serum is taking effect! His skin feels strange, now "crawling" as bestial hair is sprouting quickly from all the pores of his transforming hide! His soul, too, is warping, growing malignant! #2401 DR. JEKYLL AS MR. HYDE \$2.50



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Atomic Energy has brought his back to life, after a long million years of extinction! Now he prowls, rampages through cities, nations, continents and maybe your own bookshelf! The most popular Japanese film monster ever! 8-1/2" tall of the Big "G" town-terrorizing! #2413 GLOW GODZILLA \$2.50



"GLOW" OLD WITCH

You've seen her anywhere, from Macbeth to Oz to the House of Hunted Hill! No curse is complete without her! What complete hobbyist can look into his broken mirror each sunset and admit he doesn't own this spell-bopper? Over 8" high! #2427 THE OLD WITCH \$2.50



"GLOW" KING KONG

The King of Kongs! The 1st & best beast of them all! He's the giant, and he lumbers over 9" tall, with a tiny female victim writhing in his paw! You can bring Kong back to life to prove forever on your hobby shelf! Don't hesitate another moment to get this one! Order #2414 KING KONG \$2.50



RARE! MONSTER TAPE RECORDINGS

Return with us now to the days when classic radio horror dominated the airwaves. A time of smoking, fiends... and extreme terror. Below the Suspense radio program in this exciting hour have dug out tape cassette featuring actual recordings of old radio programs. And offering in those exciting hours with our friends such as Dean Cain, Robert Taylor, and Vincent Price. The entire set sells for \$29.95... expensive, but well worth the price. Available in stores or by mail, to order today! (2342)



DRACULA

DRACULA Starring Dean Cain. In a tape made in 1930, this is the classic presentation of an old-time radio broadcast... from Stoker's original (and timeless) scenario classic **DRACULA**. And starring in this hour-long tape recording is one of the great actors of all time, the immortal Dean Cain. Cain has always had a fondness for the unique and bizarre. His **WAVE OF THE WORLD** program, since some years after the recording was made, found the delight and enjoyment of Americans, and **DRACULA** is his last masterpiece. Under his direction, the blood-thirsting Count has performed in amazing, never-understanding at the farthest end of Dracula's life, a character to the character but has been awarded the honor of the most famous actor, accompanying him, in the recordings are the wonderful talents of his, Marya Zang. This was a company of actors who went to work with Cain in **WAVE OF THE WORLD** and the classic picture **CITIZEN KANE**. As for the recording, it records the tale of Jonathan Harker who, here, is Dracula to work in his castle, journey to Transylvania, and is there transformed, by the Count, into one of the undead. It then tells again the tale of Harker, a friend of the young man, to track down the dread count Dracula and destroy him. But there are many impostors... such as the vampire's monstrous strength... and to mention his incredible knowledge of the occult. The scene shows Dracula's famous castle, and other children of the night, but is so hard to be believed. Simply amazing!



THE BIRDS and THREE SKELETON QUAY

THE BIRDS, Starring John Decker & **THREE SKELETON QUAY**. Starring Vincent Price. In a classic double bill in our monster recordings. **THE BIRDS** is a half-hour, re-telling of the classic short story. But became the basis for the Alfred Hitchcock film. And it is the story of a man trapped in an English countryside house by an evil power. Back at the same time, **THREE SKELETON QUAY** relates a tale of rats, tens of thousands of the largest creatures. The setting is a lightness created by three frequent... men who work in the early days of cinema with their friend from the sea. And once on the small set, the creature climb on the table that is on each of... built into a story of intense suspense that leads to an unforgettable climax. Vincent Price stars in this program from the theatre. Can you survive this macabre, blood-curdling tale of the birds, but not yet enough to make you lose faith in nature!

THE LIFEBOAT MUTINY and THE HOUSE IN CYPRESS CANYON

THE LIFEBOAT MUTINY is a much overlooked, highly original science fiction tale about a computer. But not your ordinary computer. They are now built by a race of giant monsters called the **Deimos**. And the computer was to be used against the **Deimos** Aliens, a creature being an artificial planet. But the alien race have now died off... and the computer, deadly as ever, with its alien mentality, keep on **FOUR IN CYPRESS CANYON**. Starring Robert Taylor, it concerns the greatest single moment of power in radio history. From the mid-1940s, this hour tells of a hope in suburban Los Angeles... a house in which about 10 to the most impossible moment of science. And it's not during the Christmas season, a little that makes the house even more secret. Both stories are a half-hour of suspense!

DONOVAN'S BRAIN

DONOVAN'S BRAIN. Starring Dean Cain. recovers the strange and classic tale of a ruthless scientist who stops at nothing to get what he wants. And when he dies, he has his brain kept alive in a tank where which he can think through wires, then controlling people's minds. Originally a short by Carl Sedwile, and later a film of the same name, adding science fiction tale between Dean Cain as Donovan, with the actor Messer and behind him. As with **DRACULA**, this is one of the last shows in the history of the Suspense radio program that was recorded with a full hour of one. A gripping broadcast!

SUPER ACTION FIGURES

8" HIGH AUTHENTIC COLOR COSTUMES!
BEND AND POSE THEM IN ANY POSITION!

Now you can own these like-like super heroes and villains to use in animated film or to pose as models for your own comic strip adventures. Each is made of durable plastic and has a costume made of real cloth.

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Remember the 1950's and 1960's CAMP in Super Heroes? Well, we've managed to get a special limited edition of this same comedy record, a Rock-Age-How-Silly, roller for the already-wild-eyed and old-timey comic book heroes of the 1950's. **COMIC BOOK HEROES \$8.98**



BELA LUGOSI in a **SUSPENSE** radio show from the 1940's, complete version, a full-time story line featuring Lugosi's (all aspects of work as it has a limited edition) complete version of the story. **BELA LUGOSI, BROWDER Collection Item, \$11.95 (2236) SUSPENSE, LUGOSI \$8.98**



So back and relax to sounds of the horror world, rifting stories, suspense, fearfulness on the models of a chilling, suspenseful thriller, and all the other quality thrillers of the 1940's. **SOUNDS OF THE SHIVER \$8.98**



Put on your own sound! Put on your hands! Put on a sound of the 1940's and hear the sound of a suspenseful thriller, rifting by the sound of the 1940's and the sound of the 1940's. **DOOR DRUMS \$8.98**



Two 1940 radio programs, The **Radio Show** episode and the **Radio Show** episode, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **TWO 1940 RADIO PROGRAMS \$8.98**



The **Coldest Case of the Finking Murders** which is the best of the 1940's. **THE COLDEST CASE OF THE FINKING MURDERS \$8.98**



GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOLUME ONE of the **Great Moments in Radio** series, featuring the best of the 1940's. **GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOL. 1 \$8.98**



GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOLUME TWO of the **Great Moments in Radio** series, featuring the best of the 1940's. **GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOL. 2 \$8.98**



Here's 2 complete radio shows, The **Long Ranger** and **Long Ranger** show, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **LONG RANGER \$8.98**



Two full radio adventures from **1940's** are the best of the 1940's. **FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH \$8.98**



Superman's complete eight story, from the **Superman** show, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **SUPERMAN \$8.98**



Buck Rogers show, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **BUCK ROGERS \$8.98**



The **MALE FALCON** was a good show, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **MALE FALCON \$8.98**



BORIS KARLOFF show, where **L. H. Allen**, and **Sandy**, and **good of the 1940's** are not only the best of the 1940's and the best of the 1940's. **BORIS KARLOFF \$8.98**



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TANI SCHWARZ

GRATEFUL FAN

I realize that many people think of the horror field as nothing but tripe but I for one am fascinated by the incredible amount of showmanship by the actors & writers in this field. They have taken impossible situations and created feasible & interesting stories. To them I give my salute!

FM is utterly fantastic and this is one college sophomore who will keep up with it and I also buy all the back issues. Thank you for your time.

A.D. McDOWELL
Belle Glade, Fla.

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DAVID WERSINGER

EDITOR LYING?

We used to read your earlier issues and loved them dearly. Unfortunately we tapered off but we have recently picked up your magazine again. The artwork is superb but, again unfortunately, other things, such as your articles, aren't in #37 and many others your Fang Mail dept states that Bela Lugosi was buried in his Dracula cape. So how come in issues 97 & 104 you state that you've got Bela Lugosi's Dracula cape? There are 2 possibilities; either you are lying or you are lying. (The 3d possibility being that he had more than 1 cape. Surely you know there was more than a single model of King Kong, Mighty Joe Young, the Ymir; more than one Creature from the Black Lagoon suit. Similarly with Mr. Lugosi's capes. He took one to the grave with him; I am preserving his other in my Movie Monster Museum. Perhaps it would have been more accurate to report that he was buried in ONE of his capes and then this confusion would not have arisen. In the future I will make that distinction. Thank you; you have performed a valuable service for historians by pointing out this seeming discrepancy.)

We most sincerely hope you will get better as it is impossible that a magazine could get too much worse and still be printed. In closing, I have this to say of your magazine: "You're not getting older, you're getting worse."

CHRIS WALTERS
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